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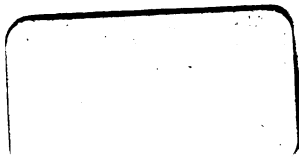


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SOLEMN WARNING

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AGAINST

Free-Masonry.

ADDRESSED

TO THE YOUNG MEN OF THE UNITED STATES.

WITH AN APPENDIX,

Containing the CORRESPONDENCE between Eliphalet Murdock, of Le Roy, Genesee county, N. Y. and the author, relating to the supposed murder of Mr. Murdock's father, through Masonic vengeance, at Rensselaerville, in the county of Albany, in October 1803, — and several other interesting matters.



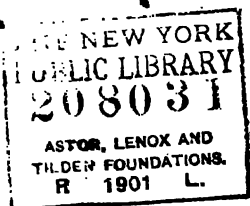
My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. If they say, come with us, let us lay wait for blood, let us lurk privily for the innocent without cause: Cast in thy lot among us, let us all have one purse. My son, walk not thou in the way with them; refrain thy foot from their path: For their feet run to evil, and make haste to shed blood.—*Prov. i. 10, 11, 14, 15, 16.*
Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness; but rather approve them: For it is a shame even to speak of those things which are done of them in secret.—*EPHESIANS v. 11, 12.*

By SOLOMON SOUTHWICK,

Editor of the National Observer, Albany.

ALBANY:

Printed by Geo. Galt, in Office of the National Observer.



Northern District of New-York, to wit :

BE it remembered, that on the twenty-second day of October, the fifty-second year of the independence of the United States, America, A. D. 1827, Solomon Southwick, of the said District, has deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Author, in the words following to wit :

"A Solemn Warning against Free Masonry. Addressed to the young men of the United States. With an appendix, containing the correspondence between Elipha Murdock, of Le Roy, Genesee county, N. Y. and the author, relating to the supposed murder of Mr. Murdock's father, through masonic vengeance at Rensselaerville, the county of Albany, in October, 1803 ; and several other interesting matters. My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. If they say, come with us, let us lay us for blood, let us lurk privily for the innocent without cause. Cast in thy lot among let us all have one purse. My son, walk not thou in the way with them; refrain thy feet from their path. For their feet run to evil, and make haste to shed blood. Prov. i, 10, 14, 15, 16. Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather prove them : For it is a shame even to speak of those things, which are done of them in secret. Ephesians v. 11, 12. By Solomon Southwick, Editor of the National Observer, Albany."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also, to an act entitled "An act supplementary to an act entitled 'An act for encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the authors of Designing, Engraving, and Etching historical and other prints."

R. R. LANSING, Clerk

of the District Court of the U. S. for the Northern District of New-Yo

DEDICATION.



TO TRUMBULL CARY,* TIMOTHY FITCH,* WILLIAM DAVIS,*
HINMAN HOLDEN,* T. F. TALBOT, JAMES P. SMITH, LYMAN
D. PRINDLE, ELEAZER SOUTHWORTH, WILLIAM KEYES,
JONATHAN LAY, Committee of Genesee County.

ORSON BENJAMIN,* HEMAN CHAPIN,* JONATHAN BUELL,*
RALPH WILCOX, BANI BRADLEY, JOSIAH PORTER, Commit-
tee of Bloomfield, Ontario County.

SAMUEL RAWSON,* NATHAN JENKS,* JONAS M. WHEELER,*
SAMUEL EWING, ELIJAH SEDGEWICK, JOHN SARGEANT,
THOMAS WRIGHT, Committee of Victor, Ontario County.

SAMUEL WORKS,* FREDERICK F. BACKUS,* HEMAN NORTON,
FREDERICK WHITTLESEY, JOSIAH BISSELL, Jun. THURLOW
WEED, Committee of Rochester, Monroe County.

ISAAC LACY,* SAMUEL LACY,* WILLIAM PIXLEY, BENJAMIN
BOWEN, Committee of Chili, Monroe County.

JOHN GARBUT,* TRUMAN EDSON, CLARK HALL, Committee
of Wheatland, Monroe County.

BATES COOK,* ALEXANDER DICKENSON,* SAMUEL DEVAUX,*
JOHN PHILLIPS, Committee of Lewiston, Niagara County.

GENTLEMEN,

THE DEDICATION of a book, if not the offspring of mere private friendship, or gratitude to a patron, implies, that those to whom it is addressed, have rendered some signal service to their country, or mankind; have either, by their wisdom, valour and patriotism, aided the one, or by their humanity and benevolence con-

* The names thus designated (*) are those of the gentlemen who formed the Lewiston Convention, strictly so called.

ferred obligations upon the other. You, gentlemen, have done both ; a number of you, in the first place, as members of the Lewiston Convention, engaged in bringing to light the foul conspiracy against the liberties of your country, which robbed William Morgan of his liberty and life, and otherwise disgraced our annals : And all of you, in the second place, as the authors and signers of a REPORT upon those unparalleled outrages, which does honor to your independence and integrity ; and is eminently calculated to open the eyes of your fellow-countrymen, to the dangerous and destructive influence of all secret associations, upon their civil and political liberties.

In the execution of these imperative and important duties, you have, in a generous spirit of humanity and patriotism, spent much valuable time and labour, and incurred many heavy expenses ; and have suffered, at the same time, much abuse, calumny and persecution, from a powerful and secret combination of midnight conspirators and assassins.

For all this, your fellow-countrymen owe you a debt of gratitude ; and I feel it my duty, in part payment of my portion of that debt, to inscribe your names in front of this work, as those of public benefactors—of whom it is but just to say, in spite of all that can be said to the contrary, by editorial tools, and other unprinci-

pled sycophants and knaves, that they deserve the undivided respect, and grateful remembrance, of the present and future generations.

With these sentiments, which flow from the heart, as well as the head; and the expression of which, in this place, and on this occasion, I have thought due to every principle of patriotism and justice—

I subscribe myself, Gentlemen,

Your friend and fellow-citizen,

THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The "Solemn Warning" portrays to the rising generation, in colours true, if not sufficiently vivid, the dangerous consequences to their temporal and eternal happiness, that may ensue from their joining an association, which ought never to have had existence in this free and enlightened country; and the existence of which cannot be preserved, without eventually destroying our civil and political liberties.

The reasons of the author for preferring to publish this work in a book form, are, that having been proscribed by the *Order*, in the first place, *for simply PUBLISHING the TRUTH*, he determined, on the other hand, to proscribe them as enemies and traitors to their country, her constitution and laws, *for ATTEMPTING to SUPPRESS the TRUTH*. He accordingly did commence, in his editorial department, to return proscription for proscription, with the conscientious conviction, at the same time, that while

their proscription of him was mean, dastardly, and at war with the constitutional rights and liberties of the citizen, his proscription of them and their works of darkness, was called for by every principle of honour, humanity, liberty, and law. He will, therefore, continue to proscribe them, in his editorial department, so long as it shall be the pleasure of Divine Providence to sustain him at the editorial desk in health of body and mind. But, independent of his editorial labours, he wishes to place on record his opinions of the *Order*, in a form that shall render them more likely to be handed down to future times, than that of editorial matter. He wishes to place in the hands of the rising generation, what he believes will have a tendency to preserve thousands of them from ruin, if they will but listen to the admonitions of truth and experience. To divert promising young men, to whom the God of Nature may have given fine talents, and generous and noble sensibilities, from plunging into paths, and pursuing steps, that "*lead down to the gates of hell*," is his object on the one hand; and he will not conceal, that on the other, he has no objection, under existing circumstances, to bring his humble talents into market, in a just and honorable cause, in the hope of no more than a fair remuneration for his mental labour. These are the considerations which have induced him to prepare this

work; and they are such considerations as he believes will induce thousands of honest, honourable and patriotic men to encourage it. The minions of the Order have propagated an opinion, wherever they could do it successfully, that he is insane—"mad as a March hare." But he despises their calumny, at the same time that he pities sincerely their miserable ignorance, that makes them the dupes of a foul imposture. If he be mad, however, he is determined there shall be method in his madness. A certain noble-minded, ancient and *Christian* philosopher, was charged with the same infirmity when combatting similar if not equally atrocious impositions and wickedness. "*I am not mad, most noble Festus, (said the Christian champion) but speak forth the words of truth and soberness.*" Now, if the writer of the "**SOLEMN WARNING,**" shall not "*speak forth the words of truth and soberness,*" in the estimation of all who have the smallest regard for truth, freedom and righteousness, he will consent to be called "*mad*" by them, as well as by the fanatical, blind and stupid; or impiously wicked and corrupt apologists of Morgan's abduction and murder. On this ground is he perfectly willing to stand or fall, when the following work shall come before the public; and he cannot but hope, that all parents and guardians, who have sufficient confidence in his

talents to perform this task, and who think as he does of the *Masonic Order*, may see and feel the necessity and importance of encouraging the work.

All who are disposed to purchase this publication, will please address their orders, for any number of copies, to the author at Albany, inclosing the amount, and paying postage; and the pamphlets shall be forwarded according to direction, at three shillings single, or three dollars per single dozen. Two dollars and fifty cents per dozen, for any number not less than six dozen.

ALBANY, *October 9th*, 1827.

A SOLEMN WARNING.

TO THE YOUNG MEN OF THE UNITED STATES.

MY YOUNG COUNTRYMEN :

It is on your account, and not on my own; that without preface or apology, I claim of you a patient and a candid hearing, in what I am now about to lay before you : And this I am satisfied, notwithstanding but few indeed of you can know any thing of me, that you will cheerfully award ; for although experience may not have taught you much, as she is a slow teacher, whom we are obliged to follow long before she answers half the questions we have to put to her ; and too often, alas ! does she leave the wisest of us to sink into the grave the victims of ignorance, error and delusion ; yet the native good sense, as well as good feeling, of American youth, will at all times, I believe, as they ever have done, induce them to listen with candour and patience to whatever is intended to promote their own happiness, and render them worthy of themselves, of their country, and her high destinies.

I am well aware how almost impossible it is to put old heads upon young shoulders. The brightest and the dullest youth are equally in want of experience ; and without some experience, it is difficult, if not impossible, for any human being calmly to survey the dangers that

encompass him, and clearly to perceive the means of averting them.

The youth of bright intellect and sound native judgment, it is true, will sooner arrive at the necessary information, to enable him to steer his bark safely through the stormy ocean of life, than he to whom Nature has been less bountiful in mental or intellectual endowments: But still both may need the monitions of the aged, of those who have had experience, to enable them to start the more fairly in the race which is to terminate in their temporal and eternal salvation or destruction.

It certainly is not from arrogant presumption, on my part, that I now address you. Nor is it from any wish to court your favour, or render you subservient to any selfish purposes of my own. Ambitious of power I am not at this time of life; for I have calmly surveyed the heights of political elevation, and know full well, that however fascinating they may be at some times, and under certain circumstances, they possess but few if any charms for him who has lived long, been chastened by adversity,* as I have been, and seen much of mankind. Covetous of wealth I am not; for I have tasted, or rather tested, both extremes of prosperity and adversity; and full well have I learned, that in pursuit of riches there is a happy medium, at which every wise man will aim; and that however necessary it may be to arrive at that, for our temporal comfort and convenience—yet it is not that alone—and still less is it the possession of power, that can ensure the tranquillity or happiness of a rational and immortal being:

* See Appendix, Note 1.

I have said thus much of myself, because I am well aware that the subject, to which I wish to call your attention—and especially the honest, just, bold and proper manner in which a sacred sense of duty to God and my country demands of me to treat it—are calculated at this peculiar crisis, to bring no small share of odium upon my head from a certain quarter. Those who have already basely misrepresented my motives, malignantly slandered my reputation, and attempted by means far from honorable, to injure my interest, on account of my editorial exertions, feeble and inefficient, it is true, but Heaven knows virtuous and sincere, to bring to light the foul conspirators, who, in the language of Judge Throop, (when he sentenced four of them to a punishment by far, very far, too mild for the enormity of their crime,) “have robbed the state of a citizen, a citizen of his liberty, a wife of her husband, and a family of helpless children of the endearments and protecting care of a parent:” Those, I say, who on this account have pursued me with their slander and malignity, will be equally busy, I have a right to presume, in persuading you, that this address is the dictate of a selfish heart, or an unsound head.

From these remarks, my young countrymen, you will perceive, that **FREE MASONRY** is to be the theme of this Address. It is so—and it is to warn you most seriously and solemnly against that **ORDER**, as one fraught with incalculable mischief to all your dearest interests in this life, as well as in that which is to come, that I have taken up my pen on this occasion. It is to convince you, if I can, that your safety and your duty, your happiness and your glory, equal-

ly demand of you to shun, as you would the Bohon Upas, or the Simoom of the Arabian deserts, the alluring steps that lead into a Masonic Lodge Room; for they are emphatically the steps which "lead down to the gates of hell!"

I shall now proceed to give you my reasons why you ought not to enter into the Masonic Association: And as Free Masonry boasts of her FIVE POINTS OF FELLOWSHIP, I will exhibit, as beacons to warn you from her dark and infernal paths, at least FIVE POINTS OF HER FOLLY AND WICKEDNESS.

You cannot, then, become Free Masons, without—

1. Risking your life, if after obtaining the wicked, as well as the frivolous secrets of the Order, you should, on calm reflection, think it your duty to God, and your country, to reveal them.

2. Sacrificing your personal dignity, or self-respect, in a manner too humiliating for young men of honor and sensibility to stoop to.

3. Running the risk, and a very imminent one it is, of learning to tittle, and thereby losing the respect and esteem of society, and becoming vagrants.

4. Betraying the rights and liberties of your country.

5. Incurring the displeasure of Heaven, if the Bible be not a forgery, and Christianity a fable of man's invention.

That you will run the risk of your lives as above stated, by becoming Free Masons, you may learn from the following letter, which I had recently occasion to write, to say nothing of the mass of evidence collected at three different

trials of persons, charged with the conspiracy to kidnap William Morgan and David C. Miller, in the counties of Ontario and Genesee, N. Y.—and the still further evidence afforded by a late Executive Proclamation.*

[*From the National Intelligencer.*]

MESSRS. GALES & SEATON—

Gentlemen—As, in giving place to my advertisement or rather prospectus, you have expressed an opinion, founded on an article which you have copied from the United States Gazette; and as I know that article to be utterly destitute of truth, I will not say intentionally so, from beginning to end, will you permit me through your columns to make a counter statement, which I know to be strictly true?

The Gazette article asserts, that the excitement in relation to the abduction of Morgan and Miller, was got up for electioneering purposes. But let us look at the facts.

On Sunday morning, the 10th September, 1826, William Morgan was arrested in Batavia, on a criminal process, and carried off to Canandaigua. There the criminal charge was abandoned, which those who had arrested him on it, knew would be the issue, as it was, from the beginning, a mere trick to get him off the limits at Batavia, where he was confined for debt. Immediately on his being discharged by Justice Chipman, on the criminal process, a debt was trumped up, which had no real foundation, by the same party who had brought him from Batavia, on which, being poor and friendless, he was put into the jail at Canandaigua. The

* See Appendix, Note 2.

next night after this event, one Loton Lawson, (since convicted of kidnapping Morgan, and now in prison for the deed) came forward under the mask of friendship, and persuaded Morgan to permit him to pay the debt, inducing Morgan to believe that it was out of pure friendship, and that he would take him to his house. Poor Morgan was too credulous—he agreed to Lawson's proposal—but the moment the latter got him out of jail, he was seized violently by Lawson and one or two other persons, and notwithstanding his cries of murder, was forced into a carriage, and drove off, Jehu like ; since which he has not returned ; nor have any tidings been had of him, excepting, that it has been clearly proved, at the last Ontario Sessions, that he was taken to, and confined in, the magazine of Fort Niagara. So far we accompany the unfortunate Morgan. I shall barely remark here, that the reason why the criminal charge was abandoned was, that, if they had put him into jail on that charge, they could not have got him out again, and their intention, from the beginning, to make way with him, would have been defeated.

Now for a few words as to David C. Miller, the Editor of the Republican Advocate, at Batavia. He was engaged in printing a book—*Illustrations of Masonry*—of which Morgan was the author ; and for which the latter had been kidnapped.

The night after Morgan was carried from Batavia, Miller's printing office was set fire to, and came near being consumed.

The next day in the morning, being the same

ed out of the jail at Canandaigua, from sixty or eighty men, all Freemasons, entered the village of Batavia, armed with hickory clubs, seized David C. Miller, likewise under pretence of a criminal process, and carried him off by force, as far as the village of Le Roy, where he was given to understand that he was to join with, and share the fate of Morgan. But, fortunately for Miller, the people had become alarmed, and turned out to pursue his captors; and he was rescued at Le Roy, and escorted safely back to Batavia; the process on which he had been taken turning out to be a sham, like that which had unfortunately succeeded in the case of Morgan. But I cannot take leave of Miller here, without paying a merited compliment to JOHN HASCALL, Esq. of Le Roy, a Royal Arch Mason, to whose intrepidity Miller was greatly indebted for his release from the ruffians who had seized him. Mr. Hascall has since openly seceded from the Masonic Fraternity, on account of those unlawful proceedings.

Were not these unparalleled outrages, gentlemen, sufficient to excite the people, without the aid of electioneering artifice, or selfish views, on the part of any one? They certainly were.— They did, of course, cause an excitement, of which I will now state briefly some of the results.

Town and county meetings were immediately held in the counties of Ontario, Genesee, Monroe, Livingston and Niagara, by which delegates were appointed, (all of respectability) upon whom it was enjoined, as a duty, to investigate thoroughly, as far as they possibly could do, the facts attending the abduction, and supposed subsequent murder of Morgan, as well

as the outrages committed on the property and person of Miller. This delegation, consisting of some of the first men in the Western District, assembled at Lewiston, and hence have been styled the Lewiston Convention.* They entered fearlessly and honestly upon the duty assigned them, and have ever since pursued their object steadily. Through their exertions principally, four of the conspirators, those who took Morgan from the jail at Canandaigua, were indicted, put on trial and convicted on a plea of guilty, in Ontario county; and three have since been convicted of kidnapping Miller, after pleading not guilty in Genesee county. A considerable number stand indicted, who have not yet been tried; on account of both Morgan and Miller. It is true that sixteen or seventeen were tried at the last Court of Sessions in Ontario county, and were acquitted; but whoever will peruse attentively the testimony as reported, will find abundant proof in it of the abduction, if not the murder of Morgan; and will perceive, at the same time, such a mass of *non mi recordo* statements as was never before exhibited in any court of justice. The Judge, however, one of the ablest in the state, [I mean Judge Howell] in charging the jury, declared that "the proof to establish both the conspiracy and its consummation, *was full and conclusive: that Morgan had been unlawfully kidnapped and carried off, was abundantly certain; and that he had been subsequently unlawfully put to death, there was too much reason to believe.*" He stated at the close of his charge, after summing up the evidence, and explaining the law, that the testimony, *though abundant to prove*

* See Appendix, Note 3.

“*abstractly all that was alleged, did not charge these defendants with the crime.*” “The time of the court,” he remarked, “had, notwithstanding, been profitably spent, in eliciting testimony, *which must ultimately unravel this horrible mystery.*”

I give you, gentlemen, the precise words of an able and upright judge, as reported by the several reporters of the trials in question.

It appears, then, that in three several and distinct Courts of Justice, the Ontario Circuit, at which Judge THROOP presided, when the first four conspirators were convicted; the Genesee Circuit, at which Judge BIRDSALL presided, when *four* were tried and *three* convicted; and the Ontario Sessions, at which Judge HOWELL presided, when the seventeen [save one who swore off his trial for want of a witness] were tried and acquitted: it appears, I say, that in these several and distinct Courts of Justice, the facts of the conspiracy and its consummation, have been established by “*abundant, full, and conclusive,*” legal testimony. How then can any editor assert that this excitement has been got up for electioneering purposes? Would it not be, on the other hand, an eternal disgrace to any portion, number, or section of the citizens of the United States, if they could sit quietly and tamely, and see their friends, their neighbors, their fellow-townsmen, kidnapped and carried off by violence, contrary to all law, human and divine, to be confined perpetually, or assassinated at the will and pleasure of their kidnappers? I should esteem the man, who could see all this without being highly excited, as a wretch, wholly unprincipled, and totally unworthy the name of an American citizen.

But to return to the Lewiston Convention. This patriotic body, to whom the People of the United States will hereafter look with gratitude, have been principally instrumental in producing the results above stated. It consisted of THIRTY-EIGHT of the most respectable citizens of the Western District, of all parties; and, so far from there being any ground to charge them with electioneering or selfish views, only one of them has come forward since as a candidate for office, and he has been brought forward by the voluntary suffrages of his friends and fellow-citizens. They have just published the entire result, thus far, of their long, laborious, and important investigation, in a pamphlet of about eighty pages, octavo; and I venture to say, that there is not an honest, sensible man in the United States, who will not be thoroughly convinced, on reading it, that Morgan was not only kidnapped and murdered, but that David C. Miller, the independent Editor of the Republican Advocate, at Batavia, would have shared the fate of Morgan, had he not been rescued by the anti-masonic party from the hands of his kidnapers.

It may not be amiss to state, that among the signers of the Report of the Lewiston Convention, are gentlemen who hold stations of honor and responsibility under the Government of the United States. I have not the Report at hand at this moment, but I recollect distinctly the names of three officers of the Federal Government, viz. O. BENJAMIN, TREMBULL CAREY, and BATES COOK, Esquires. These gentlemen, together with their worthy and patriotic colleagues, have laboured almost incessantly for nine months, or more, to unravel this horrid

mystery. They have not only spent their time in the investigation, but large sums of money in searching the Niagara River, and Lake Ontario, for the body of the hapless Morgan, which was undoubtedly buried beneath those waters.— Those gentlemen, I mean all those who formed the Lewiston Convention, deserve the highest praise, instead of the least censure: for their labors have been directed to unravel a conspiracy, the principle of which goes to the entire subversion of our Federal and State Constitutions. Away, then, with the groundless and calumniating assertion, that they have been actuated by electioneering or selfish motives of any kind.

This, gentlemen, is the last article which I shall ask you to publish. In the *National Observer*,* however, I shall continue the subject, which has given rise to this letter, so long as I have health and life to perform the task. In my next paper, I shall develop facts, which, if true, and I solemnly believe them to be so, will add a tenfold deeper hue of darkness to the cause of those who from the abduction of Morgan and Miller, to this day, have been the open and undisguised advocates of kidnapping and murder.

I have heard more than a hundred freemasons assert, that Morgan, if killed, was served right! What induced me to take ground, when I first came out in my editorial capacity, on this subject, was, the declaration made to me, by a *Royal Arch Mason*, a very respectable lawyer, "that he knew that Morgan was killed or executed, although he had taken no part in it himself." I asked him how he knew it? He replied, "how do ordinary facts come to your

* See Appendix, Note 4.

knowledge! I know it in the same way." I asked him if he thought it right? He said in reply, that he "would not have had a hand in it for the world; *but the rascal was rightly served!*"

This conversation was among the most important considerations which induced me to throw off all masonic trammels, and put my shoulder to the editorial wheel, to bring to light, if possible, the whole truth in the case. I drew the conclusion, whilst yet talking with the gentleman above mentioned, that if men like him, who had been classically educated, and had studied a science which teaches, with so much discrimination and correctness, the nature of all oaths and obligations, could be rendered so fanatical by their masonic ties, it was time to destroy the institution entirely: For what I have stated is strictly and literally true, and I can add with equal truth, that the person alluded to is, in his general character and habits, a worthy man, and of respectable talents, as well as standing at the bar. His name, of course, I shall not reveal, because at that time he addressed me, not only as a mason, but as a man to whom he could freely deliver his opinions in a confidential way. In fact, independent of any such revelations, the struggle I had in my own breast, to throw off entirely my obligations to the *Order*, satisfied me of its dangerous tendency, and the absolute necessity of curtailing, by some lawful and constitutional means, its mysterious and destructive influence on civil and political liberty.

I remain, gentlemen, with the highest respect,
your friend and obedient servant,

SOLOMON SOUTHWICK.

Albany, Sept: 27, 1827.

From the preceding letter, my young countrymen, you will perceive the fate that may await you, if you should enter into one of those conclaves of corruption, the masonic lodgerooms; and should afterwards, on calm reflection, determine, as an act of duty to your country and your God, to expose the nefarious and unhallowed secrets, the disgusting and blasphemous rites, which are there cherished and practised. My narrative, however, is cold and senseless as the marble block, when compared with the true and appalling features of the transactions to which it alludes! One reason of its coldness was, that I did not, at the time of writing it, know how far the Editors of the National Intelligencer might feel disposed to permit me the indulgence of my feelings, as a correspondent, through the medium of their columns; for such has been the editorial concert to conceal and suppress the truth on this occasion, to conceal the crime of murder, and shield the murderers from the arm of the law, that it has led me almost to doubt seriously, whether the Press, with the noble art to which it belongs, be a blessing or a curse to my country. Never—never—in any age or clime, has the Press been so vilely, so infamously, so wickedly prostituted, as it has been in this case.—That sublime instrument, which like the lever of Archimedes in the physical, might well indeed move the moral world, if in the hands of feeling, honorable, and noble-spirited men; that bulwark of literature and liberty; that masterpiece of science and of art, which in the days of our immortal ancestors—(when guided by the spirits of a FRANKLIN and a SOUTHWICK,* and

* See Appendix, Note 5.

other revolutionary worthies)—was the beacon that led them to freedom and to glory; that noblest of all human inventions has, in this case, been abused, perverted, prostituted, and rendered, in the strongest possible sense of the terms, the detestable organ of falsehood, mystery and corruption; the vile instrument of a barbarous and blood-stained faction; the polluted engine of treachery, tyranny and oppression; the pander of Pandemonium! Oh! how degraded, how fallen from its lofty eminence, from what it was, when like the *pillar of fire* in sacred history, it guided the footsteps of our fathers, and inspired them with that noble flame of patriotism, which urged them to the heights of Bunker Hill and of Saratoga, to the frozen plains of Abraham, and the burning sands of Monmouth, to bleed and to die for the redemption of their country, and the freedom and happiness of their posterity!* Could the shade of FRANKLIN, he who preferred poverty and want, as an Editor, with truth, honor and independence, as the guides of his pen—to wealth and luxury, with sycophancy, servility, falsehood and corruption, as the inmates of his soul! Could his immortal shade look down from its sainted circle of “the spirits of just men made perfect,” and behold the press of his country, which in his hands was the vestal flame of freedom, and the consuming fire to tyrants, thus abandoned, degraded, perverted and prostituted, the bliss of Heaven would become to him the torment of Hell! Nor could he rest there, without wishing to return to earth, to re-ignite the flame of virtue in the breasts of his lost and degenerate

* See Appendix, Note G.

brethren of the type; and to animate them to protect and defend, and not meanly, treacherously and barbarously desert and betray the sacred cause of liberty and humanity! Shame on the hirelings and the cowards!—curse on the slaves and the traitors!—he would exclaim: they have looked on tamely; and seen the blood of the brave and the innocent shed by the hands of masonic ruffians—the constitution, laws and liberties of their country, violated and trampled upon by midnight conspirators—the halls of legislation, which ought to constitute the high and holy sanctuary of law and justice, deaf as the adder to the claims of righteousness, the voice of patriotism, and the cry of blood; the courts of justice filled with and polluted by the breath of Perjury—the arm of the law paralyzed, as by the touch of the torpedo, by the operation of a dark, secret, mysterious and criminal agency!—and above all, the violation of that most holy law of their Creator and Redeemer—**THOU SHALT NOT COMMIT MURDER!** All this they have witnessed—calmly and coldly witnessed—and instead of maintaining the sacred liberty of the press, and the unsullied dignity of virtue; instead of putting “*in every honest hand a scourge to lash the rascals naked through the world,*” they have themselves deserved the lash of the scorpion, if not the hook of the gibbet, for becoming the wilful panders of rascality, the suppressors of truth, the propagators of falsehood, the conspirator’s apologist, and the murderer’s friend!

Another reason of the coldness of my narrative was, the unparalleled importance and magnitude of the subject. It is a theme, of all oth-

ers, most worthy of the patriot, the sage, the hero and the christian—a theme, which it would require more than the combined genius, and talents and acquirements of a DEMOSTHENES, a CICERO, a MILTON, a SHAKSPEARE, and a CURRAN, to do it ample justice. Yes, my young countrymen, more than all the mighty powers of all those sublime geniuses, would be requisite to pourtray, in all their horrors, and in all their ruinous and destructive bearings on our constitutional liberties, the abduction and murder of William Morgan! It is a theme to which no genius, merely human, can do justice. He alone, whose page was illumined at the altar of Divine Inspiration—the poet and the prophet of Israel—the unparalleled and matchless Isaiah—he alone could give it the appropriate colouring, the appalling light, the dark and infernal shade, the bold and indescribable relief that would belong to such a picture.

EVERY man, whether young or old, sacrifices his dignity of character, that personal and self-respect, which it is essential to his happiness and reputation to preserve, whenever he tamely permits his person to be degraded, or suffers his mind to be contaminated, by exposing either to rites, ceremonies or contemplations, which are puerile, insignificant or vicious; and such as his sober judgment must condemn as unworthy of a rational being, responsible to his Creator for the uses to which he lends his person, his talents, and his time.

But whoever enters a masonic lodge, submits necessarily to the vilest of personal and mental, and moral degradation.

He submits to be stripped naked by men

who are perhaps far his inferiors in moral and intellectual worth—who, indeed, possessing such worth, would *deliberately* condescend to such employment, or stoop to become the object of it—under the indecent and ridiculous pretences of ascertaining his sex, and that he has no minerals or metals about him! For you must know, that it is of wonderful import, in the sublime science of Free Masonry, that there should be neither iron nor lead, brass nor copper, pewter nor tin, silver nor gold, (always saving the fee of initiation) in the waistcoat or britches pocket, the purse or the pouch of the noviciate—who is prepared in part by this sublime operation, to receive the fraternal grip of a set of men, of whom he perceives at a glance, from the business in which they are engaged, that it is difficult to determine, whether they are the most fools or knaves; whether they have lost their senses and their integrity, and their self-respect, or whether they ever had any of either to boast of: nor is this all: he must be led blind-fold, with a rope about his neck, and half if not quite naked, round the room in which the initiation is consummated: and must submit, in the course of the "*awful and sublime*" ceremonies through which he is hurried to still more humiliating and degrading treatment? He must submit to be knocked down (a sham blow and fall), suffer a mimic death, have his body hid away, and finally found again (all sham and mummery) by a set of weak and silly men, bating the knaves that make noodles of them, who have been led to believe, that in all this contemptible stage-trick and mummery there is something of ancient science and wisdom! How degrading, after being thus stripped, blind-

folded, haltered, and made a noodle of, to be asked by some knave or blockhead, what you are most in want of!—and whilst like a wretched ninny as you are, for the time being, you are puzzling your brain to make out a reply, to have another of the motley nocturnal crew, whisper in your ear, that you must ask for “*more light!*” when Milton’s “*darkness visible,*” and worse than Bedlam’s folly ineffable, are all that you have seen, or are likely to see, in the science of the forms and ceremonies of the assinine conclave by whom you are surrounded; and who are chuckling at the idea, that they have made you as silly and contemptible as themselves, and have got your money, of which you will never know what becomes of it, although you have got nothing for it but quackery on the one hand and self-degradation on the other! What, for one more example, would you think of yourselves, if silly enough, not only to be stripped like a malefactor, going to be whipped at the post or the cart’s tail; but in this degraded condition, to be obliged to walk round a room, at the pleasure of a group of knaves or noodles, or both, with a polished marble stone, shaped like the key-stone of an arch, of considerable weight, and oiled, in order to make it the harder to hold; to be obliged, I say, to take this stone by the small end, and more slippery than an eel, as it is purposely rendered, to carry it between the thumb and fingers of your right hand, in a suspended or vertical position, on pain, if you let it fall, of having a sword or dagger run into you!* And when these impostors, and ignoramussus, who thus sport with your person and your feelings, have subjected

* See Appendix, Note 7.

you to this painful as well as disgraceful proceeding, until your hand and fingers become stiff, and your arm nearly ready to fall from its socket; they will, with a laugh and a grin, peculiar to such animals, relieve you from the ignoble dilemma; but only to try your patience, and prove their own, as well as your folly, in some other equally degrading and ridiculous operation. What I have here hinted at, is but as one to a hundred, of all the humiliating, self-degrading mummery, through which you must pass, if you be weak enough, through a vain and idle curiosity, to aim at fellowship and communion with the gullors and the gullees—the deceptive hearts and the dumpling heads—who usually constitute a lodge of “free and accepted masons!”

What right have you thus to degrade yourselves? Did your Creator bestow upon you a majestic and upright form, stamp you with his own celestial image, endow you with intellectual as well as physical strength and beauty; and breathe into you the spirit of immortality—that you should ungratefully forget the source of all these gifts and graces, and suffer yourselves to be treated, as though you were on a level with the meanest reptile that creeps in the dust, or hides itself in the caverns of the earth! Shame! Shame! where is thy blush! And how contemptible, in your own estimation, if possessed of a spark of real honor and sensibility, must you feel, after submitting to be thus degraded, under the vain pretence of finding light, where there is naught but darkness—of wisdom, where there is naught but folly—of truth, where there is naught but fable, fiction and falsehood—of

science, where there is naught but quackery—of virtue, where there is naught but vice—of religion, where there is naught but idolatry, if not atheism and infidelity. The SUN was probably the original object of Masonic worship;* but in modern times while they have generally pretended to believe in one God, many, if not most of them, have had no faith at all. It was from the dark recesses of Masonry that ATHEISM stalked abroad to blast the morals of the French nation; and from thence emanated, decked in the robes of infamy and pollution, the GODDESS OF REASON, falsely so called, to contaminate their faith, and prostrate their holy altars, at the shrines of impiety, anarchy and confusion! It was then that blasphemy uttered her cries in the streets of Paris; it was then that the murderer's arm was bared for the work of blood; and that saints and patriots, heroes and sages, alike were made to perish under the stroke of the guillotine, or fall behind the bars and the bolts of the dungeon, by the hands of such midnight assassins as took the life of William Morgan! Yes, ROBESPIERRE, and DANTON, LEGENDRE and MARAT, were the wretches, who ministered at the dark altars of the self-styled *Illuminati*—alias *Masonic Fraternity*—of France;—as SMITH and WHITNEY, and LAWSON and HOWARD, and GILLIS and SCOFIELD, have been the HIGH PRIESTS of INIQUITY, who have either directed or performed the bloody rites, at Niagara, of which the brave, honest and unfortunate MORGAN was the victim, and the total destruction of our constitutional liberties the object.

* See Appendix, Note B.

That you run the risk of becoming drunkards, and thus losing the esteem and respect of society, and sinking into a hapless and degraded state of vagrancy, by joining *free masonry*, is clear from the character lately given of masonic lodges by a learned and virtuous member of the Medical Societies of Glasgow, in Scotland, a country which has long been cursed with the arts and wiles, the immorality and corruption of the *Order*; for it is the *Scotch rite* which now claims to be the oldest, and the followers of which are at this moment at war, in Mexico, with the followers of the *York rite*, which lately found its way thither. This *York rite*, is derived from the Grand Lodge of New-York; it was introduced into Mexico, probably, by two of Morgan's murderers, who are said to have fled thither, and who bore it with them, I presume, as proper missionaries from the Grand Lodge! But be this as it may, the learned Professor, to whom I have alluded, assures us, and I can vouch for the truth of his assertion, that masonic lodges are the genuine academies of tippling." You cannot for a moment doubt the truth of this, when you reflect that most, if not all of our lodges, are held in taverns or hotels; and whenever they meet, the Landlord is called upon to furnish hot suppers, and in winter abundance of hot as well as cold liquors. The bottle circulates freely; and the liquid poison is poured into the veins, to inflame the blood, and distract the brains of the young as well as old noodles, who take much more delight in going "from labour to refreshment," than they do in returning "from refreshment to labour." The tippler, the drunkard, you hardly need be told

is of all others the character who loses, beyond redemption, the esteem and respect of mankind; and hapless and wretched, indeed, is the youth, or the aged man, who has surrendered himself a victim at the shrine of the bottle. This is the extreme of moral degradation. If then you would shun a vice, so eminently calculated to ruin you, both in your temporal and eternal state; you must shun the "genuine academies" of Satan, the dark conclaves of masonry, in which that vice never fails, more or less, to be taught.— Would God. I could add, that this is the only vice, the infection of which is to be caught in those sinks of iniquity and corruption. But when I recollect how often, and with what reluctance, though a thoughtless young man, I listened to the coarse and obscene jest, the bawdy and blasphemous song; and how often I retired, in disgust, from those nocturnal orgies, in which vice and obscenity laughed virtue and modesty out of countenance; and even the holy scriptures were made the theme or source of poetastical rhyme and sacrilegious ribaldry*: when I recollect these things, which are still fresh in my memory, and at the same time feel within me the workings of a father's heart, I shudder at the idea of beholding any generous and virtuous youth, going, like a lamb to the slaughter, to poison the virgin purity of his mind, and blunt the noble sensibilities of his nature, in a dark and secret conclave; where the melancholy and degrading contrast is exhibited, of men who pass in the world for gentlemen and christians, mingling with bacchanalians and blasphemers, drunkards and debauchees, sharpers and black-logs, bullies and black-guards!

* See Appendix, Note 9. .

This is indeed a portrait of deformity—but it is a true likeness of Free Masonry thirty-two years ago : And although I have not, since that period, been personally conversant or acquainted with it;* yet from recent occurrences I fear that if it has not degenerated, neither has it improved. Honest men and gentlemen there are, no doubt, who bear the diplomas of the Order, and who are not willing, at present, and this is very much to their credit, that the world should know it. Some such, here and there, may still be willing publicly to acknowledge their fellowship with the craft : But these, altogether, bear but a small proportion to the knaves and hypocrites, who join it from ambitious or mercenary motives ; and the fools who are led into it, with a halter, or “*cable tow*” (as they call it) about their necks, the appropriate emblem of their degraded condition ; and who, whether they seek them or not, are sure to find “*their father’s asses*,” if they never found them before, so soon as they get within the four walls, and measure the length, and try the strength of their “*cable tow* !” It is to be recollected here, too, that the pious, virtuous, sensible and gentlemanly members of the Order, almost invariably keep themselves aloof from the Lodge Rooms, having become (as all pious, sensible, virtuous, and disinterested men do become) disgusted with the livery of an Institution, which they have found, on a thorough acquaintance, to be utterly worthless, excepting to those who *speculate*, and live upon it, as I shall show before I close this address.

THAT every man who enters fully into the views, the rites, and the rules, or laws of the

* See Appendix, Note 8.

Order (principles it has none, as I shall clearly show) betrays more or less the rights and liberties of his country, is evident from many considerations, a few of which I shall briefly refer to. When we talk of our attachment to equal laws, if we are sincere in what we say, we mean laws not only equal in theory ; but which in practice operate equally upon and for the benefit of all ; which secure equal assessments in taxation ; impartial justice in civil suits between man and man ; and elective suffrage at the polls, unbiassed by any other considerations, than the relative or comparative virtues and talents of the candidates. To compass all these high and important objects, in a republican government, what is the duty of every citizen ? Is it not to guard himself sedulously against all combinations, or associations, that shall in any respect curtail the free and unlimited exercise of his reason ; that shall excite in his breast passions, and prejudices, and partialities, incompatible with the exercise of a sound discretion for the public good ; that shall contract his views from embracing the welfare of the public large, to that of a few, a sect, or a party ; and those perhaps far from being the best portion of the community ? The answer to this question is obvious. How then can those who enter into a secret conclave, and there pledge themselves to go all lengths, and on all occasions, to serve and promote each other's interests ; who there profess their attachment to this **SECRET INSTITUTION, or CONCLAVE,** its laws and ordinances, and to its members collectively and individually, forming with them

a chain of artificial friendship, connected by oaths, the promises and the penalties of which are at war with all their obligations to God and their country; how can they, I ask you, who are thus trammelled, thus bound by the fetters of a secret combination, go forth as assessors, as jurors, as ministers of justice, as electors, as law-givers, prepared to exercise those high and important trusts, those vital functions of a free government, faithfully and impartially, in the spirit of patriotism, equity and justice?

History is full of proof, that whenever and wherever men have become firmly connected in sects or parties, either religious or political, that their attachment to their sect or party, has expelled from their breasts that divine spirit of universal charity and benevolence, which the Redeemer of mankind taught his disciples; and which every true Christian is bound to cherish. If then ordinary sects or parties, in pursuit of a common object, which is not concealed by any dark mantle, but well known to the public at large; and the members of which sects or parties are bound by nothing more than a mere *esprit du corps*; are so apt to lose sight of their obligations to their country and mankind, in their blind attachment to their sectarian or party views; how much more so must the members of an *Order*, who to the same *esprit du corps*, add the excitement, the attachment, the partialities, the prejudices in favour of each other, which grow out of their peculiar secret and mysterious rites and ties, the force of oaths the most horrible, the most grossly in-

sulting to the moral sense of mankind, as well as repugnant to the Divine and Civil Laws.

Before I conclude, on this head, it is incumbent upon me to prove the incompatibility of the masonic obligations, with those which every citizen owes to the state.

Whether the doctrine of expatriation be well founded or not, it is certain that every citizen owes faithful allegiance to the laws and constitutions of his country, so long as he enjoys their protection. How, then, can any citizen, who duly reflects upon his civic obligations, and means to preserve them inviolate, go into a masonic lodge, and there swear as follows:—

Furthermore do I promise and swear, that I will support the constitution of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and of the Grand Lodge of this State, under which this Lodge is held, and conform to all the bye-laws, rules and regulations of this or any other Lodge, of which I may at any time hereafter become a member.

Can any thing be more irrational, more repugnant to the moral sense of an honest man and a good citizen, than this oath? For it must be borne in mind that this is an oath of initiation, at the time of taking which, the deponent is totally ignorant of the prescriptions of those constitutions and laws, which he swears to support: he has not read them; they have not been read to him, nor explained by way of lecture, or in any other shape whatsoever: And yet does he rush, thus blindly, to the altar of darkness and delusion, and swear to support them; and not only the constitutions and laws already made, but those which may be made

thereafter : And these constitutions and laws, are those of a private, secret association ; and yet “ without any mental evasion, or equivocation,” without any reservation of his moral or religious obligations, or the allegiance he owes to the paramount laws of his country, he swears roundly that he will support them, though they may, for aught that he knows, lead him to the commission of treason, murder, or any other felony ! “ Our armies swore terribly in Flanders,” said Sterne’s *Toby* ; but with all their flippancy and proficiency in the art, *freemasonry* could have taught them a lesson they little dreamed of.

The next obligation I shall quote, goes still further ; for when the *old Tempter* gets his “ cable-tow” about the neck of a subject, there is no knowing whither or to what he will lead him : And I have not the smallest doubt, that this obligation is the prolific source of monstrous crimes and corruptions, among those members of the order, in particular, who are ignorant and vicious : this oath, indeed, is amply sufficient to make an ignorant man a vicious man, to render him the willing pander and instrument of wickedness.

Furthermore, do I promise and swear, that a master mason’s secrets, given to me in charge as such, and I knowing him to be such, shall remain as secure and inviolable in my breast as in his own, murder and treason excepted, and they left to my own election.

If the oath, before quoted, was shocking to the moral sense of an honest man and a patriot, how much more so is this ! If that might be called a leap in the dark, into the regions of

iniquity, this is an open and undisguised oath of fealty to crimes and criminals of the blackest hue—to forgers, counterfeiters, pick-pockets, sharpers, thieves and high-way-men; to all sorts of criminals, in fact, but murderers and traitors: and although the right to conceal or expose these is reserved by the deponent, there is not much reason to believe that a thorough-going devotee at the altars of JACHIN and BOAZ would ever exercise it in the way of exposition; for the man who could conceal or harbor a thief, or a high-way robber, because he was a master mason, would find but little if any difficulty in stretching his conscience to embrace the traitor and the murderer. I am, indeed, well aware that this embrace has been given, that this stretching of a masonic conscience has happened, because one of the murderers of Morgan, in his flight from justice, passed through the city of Albany, and would have been arrested in it, if he had not been warned of his danger, and aided to escape, by one or more *Royal Arch Masons*! But let the wretched out-law go where he may, the ghost of his hapless victim will rise, ever and anon, to his view—and continually agitated by the horrors of a guilty conscience, he may exclaim in the language of Milton:

Me, miserable! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
 Which way I fly is hell, myself am hell;
 And in the lowest depth, a lower deep
 Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven!

To return to the oath: Can any faithful citizen deliberately take such an unlawful and wicked oath, as I have here transcribed, and know to have been taken by every master mason!—

And if once indiscreetly taken, through youth and inexperience, or otherwise; is he not bound to renounce it in the first moment of calm reflection, and throw off at once the restraints it imposes? Virtue, patriotism, morality and religion, all answer in the affirmative, and the soundest principles of law concur in the same reply. In this opinion all writers on moral philosophy and jurisprudence are agreed, from the most exalted sages of Greece and Rome, down in point of time to the equally great and able ones of modern Europe and infant America: of the moderns, Grotius, Puffendorf, Hutchinson, Paley, and indeed every writer of any celebrity, all agree that unlawful oaths are not binding;—but are “more honored in the breach than the observance.” To quote the precise words of all of these writers is not necessary; as you can at any time satisfy your minds by referring to them yourselves: but as PALEY is considered as good authority as any of them, attend a moment to what he says:—“Promises are not binding, where the promise is UNLAWFUL. There are two cases of this; one, where the unlawfulness is known to the parties, at the time of making the promise; as where an assassin promises his employer to dispatch his rival or his enemy; a servant to betray his master; a pimp to procure a mistress; or a friend to give his assistance in a scheme of seduction. The parties in these cases are not obliged to perform what the promise requires, *because they were under a prior obligation to the contrary.* From which prior obligation what is there to discharge them? their promise—their own act and deed—but an obligation, from which a man can discharge

himself, by his own act, is no obligation at all. The guilt, therefore, of such promises, *lies in the making, not in the breaking them*; and if, in the interval betwixt the promise and the performance, a man so far recovers his reflection, as to repent of his engagements, he ought certainly to break through them."

Mr. PALEY, who is one of the most able and most justly celebrated of British Divines and Philosophers, has in the passage I have quoted conclusively shown that masonic oaths are not binding, *because of the prior obligation to the contrary*, which every citizen owes to his country, its constitution and laws; to say nothing of his duty to God. But in my humble opinion to say that the oaths in question are nugatory in consequence of *a prior* and, if you please, a higher *obligation*, is not saying enough: For to swear to conceal the crimes of any man, or set of men, must be and is a crime as high at least as a misdemeanor, or there is no such thing as reason, much less the "perfection of reason," (as Blackstone says,) in the law: But to abide by that oath, when occasion requires or calls for it, is to become, to all intents and purposes, in a strict legal sense, accessory to such crimes, and justly liable to the punishment decreed for them by the legislature, or prescribed by the Common Law.

When we contemplate, for a moment, the oath before us, we need no longer to wonder, or feel the least surprise, that so many criminal masons have heretofore eluded justice; that so many have been able to fly effectually from the reach of legal process; that so many, on conviction, have been punished so leniently at

various times ; and that so many, who have been sentenced to an adequate punishment, have found the means of obtaining pardon, and emerging from confinement, without any thing like a due expiation of their crimes ! We no longer wonder, that a wretch like STEPHEN ARNOLD, a schoolmaster of Otsego county, after being sentenced to death for the murder of an unoffending and innocent little girl—one of the most cruel and atrocious private murders ever committed in this or any other country—found a host of *freemasons* so ready to step forward in his behalf ; and a masonic legislature—like that with which we are now *blest*, and which has refused its aid to bring the murderers of Morgan to light—ready to mitigate his punishment from death on the gallows, to confinement in the *State Prison* for fourteen years, or for life ; and where he died in a short time after, or I doubt not masonic sympathy for a masonic murderer would have procured his pardon.

If the masonic oaths, or rather the promissory part of them, which I have quoted, be destructive of fealty to the state ; are they not equally or more so, of the principles of morality and religion. If indeed the Bible be not a forgery, and Christianity a fable, he who takes these oaths runs the most awful of all risks, that of being cast off by his Creator in the life to come : And especially when we connect with the promises, the blasphemous and horrible penalties attached to their violation ? These penalties I shall add, as they stand connected respectively with the several oaths of an *Entered Apprentice*, a *fellow Craft*, and a *Master Mason*.

ENTERED APPRENTICE.—“To all which, I do most solemnly and sincerely promise and swear, without the least equivocation, mental reservation, or self-evasion of mind in me whatever, binding myself under no less **PENALTY**, *than to have my throat cut across, my tongue torn out by the roots, and my body buried in the rough sands of the sea, at low water mark, where the tide ebbs and flows twice in twenty-four hours*: so help me God, and keep me steadfast in the due performance of the same.”

FELLOW-CRAFT.—“To all which,” &c. [as above] “binding myself under no less **PENALTY**, *than to have my breast torn open, and my heart and vitals taken from thence, and thrown over my left shoulder, and carried into the valley of Jehosaphat, there to become a prey to the wild beasts of the field, and vultures of the air, if ever I should prove wilfully guilty of violating any part of this my solemn oath, or obligation of a fellow-craft mason*; so help me God, and keep me steadfast in the due performance of the same”

MASTER MASON.—To all which, &c. [as before] binding myself under no less **PENALTY** *than to have my body severed in two in the midst, and divided to the North and South, my bowels burnt to ashes in the centre, and the ashes scattered before the four winds of heaven, that there might not the least track or trace of remembrance remain among men or masons, of so vile and perjured a wretch as I should be, were I ever to prove wilfully guilty of violating any part of this, my solemn oath or obligation of a Master mason*: so help me God, and keep me steadfast in the due performance of the same.”

If these horrible oaths are not unlawful, and punishable as misdemeanors at least, then every man of common sense must perceive, that our laws are extremely defective ; and it is high time the attention of the Legislature was bestowed upon the subject. But I maintain that these obligations do fairly render all who administer, or take them, liable to indictment and conviction for misdemeanor, if not felony—(*constructive* felony they certainly are, by the soundrules of construction)*—and should any complaint be made to a grand jury against any officer or officers, member or members, of any masonic lodge, for administering or receiving these oaths, they would be obliged, *by their oaths as Jurors*, to indict the offenders.

I will fortify this position by reference to a period of history, in which a similar, if not the same, question in all its bearings, became the foundation of a series of statutes, framed by our British Ancestors, to protect their civil and political rights.

An *Imperium in Imperio*—in plain English, an Empire within an Empire, or a government within a government—is not to be tolerated, never can be safely tolerated, by any sovereignty or people. But the Institution, whose oaths, and obligations, or laws, are contradictory, and in defiance of the municipal laws of the land, is an *Imperium in Imperio*, to all intents and purposes : such is the Masonic Institution : And it was to prevent such an independent and dangerous exercise of power within the realm of England, that the statutes of *Praemunire* were called into existence. They were intended to suppress the *Civil Power* of the Pope, over his

* See Appendix, Note 11.

adherents within the Empire ; although the Roman Catholics had no secret assemblies, nor secret ties or rites, or mysteries of any kind, calling upon them expressly or by implication, or in any other shape, to conceal the crimes of each other against the assumed civil authority of the Pope, or the legitimate civil supremacy of the British constitution and constituted authorities.

The struggle between the Pope and the government, for the exercise of civil power, precisely such as has been claimed and exercised by the Free Masons, in Morgan's case, so far as that case goes, agitated the British empire through a number of successive reigns, and produced the most serious injuries to the peace and tranquillity of the nation. Either in a civil or ecclesiastical shape it kept the government in constant broils, and consequent terror and alarm, from the reign of Henry I. if no earlier, down to that of Henry VIII. So far was this *Imperium in Imperio* carried at one time, that Pope Innocent III. demanded of John the resignation of his kingdom, as *St. Peter's Patrimony!* and this extravagant demand was acceded to—and the pusillanimous “ Monarch re-accepted his sceptre from the hands of the Papal Legate, to hold as the vassal of the Holy See, at the annual rent of a thousand marks :” And I venture to predict, that our government will yet be called upon by the *Grand Kings*, and *Grand High Priests* of the *Holy Order of St. John of Jerusalem*, to submit to similar outrages, if they be not checked in their career. But to return. Although his predecessors had tamely submitted to the Popish *imperium in*

imperio, Edward I. had the patriotism and the spirit to make a bold, and to a great extent, effectual resistance. He treated with contempt and ridicule all Papal bulls and processes. He aimed the axe at the root of the evil. He executed one of his subjects, as a traitor, for having obtained a bull of excommunication against another; pretty much such a bull as was lately issued by a masonic lodge against Mr. Hollister:* And finally, in the thirty-fifth year of his reign, was made the first Statute against this *Cuckoo* sort of intrusion or interference with the civil laws and rights of the people; and which formed the foundation of all the subsequent statutes of *Præmunire*. Although the struggle was still carried on; yet the Pope was worsted from time to time, till he was obliged to surrender altogether his claims to civil power; and finally to that of ecclesiastical. The memory of Edward I. should never be obliterated from the minds of Englishmen. He was justly called the founder as well as restorer of their laws: And notwithstanding *Popish Supremacy* had acquired a more dangerous influence, if possible, over the minds of a vast portion of the people, than *Masonic Supremacy* has as yet acquired among us; "yet (in the language of Blackstone) it vanished into nothing, when the eyes of the people were a little opened, and they set themselves with vigour to oppose it. So vain and ridiculous is the attempt to live in society without acknowledging the obligation, which it lays us under; and to effect an entire independence of that civil state which protects us in all our rights, and gives

* See Appendix, Note D.

us every other liberty, *that only excepted of despising the laws of the community.*"

Thus we see, my young countrymen, that the TIARA was defeated in its attempts to keep up a government within a government—a Papal Law, in opposition to the Municipal Law of the land—by our British ancestors; and let us, their posterity, take care that the Masonic Law shall not triumph over our Municipal Law, by which I mean here the whole system of constitutional liberty, which was purchased for us by the blood of our fathers: And this brings me back once more to the Masonic Oaths.

These oaths, which bind those who take them to keep the secrets of masonry, right or wrong, are not only unlawful, and therefore *void ab initio* (from the beginning) as the law has it; but I go further, and by fair construction, believe them to be not merely *mala prohibita*—acts of which human policy or expediency only demands the prohibition—but *mala in se*—acts wicked in themselves, and before the existence of social compacts, being determined so by the laws of God: For if it be a thing wicked in itself to murder a fellow-creature; then it must be so to administer or take an oath—whether it be extra-judicial and unlawful or not—with the penalty of death annexed to the breach of it; and on the part of those who take and break it, to submit quietly to be murdered. No duly constituted civil power can have the right to administer such an oath, much less *any private secret association*. It is destructive of all the elements of social existence, insulting to the moral sense of mankind, and to the purity, benevolence and mercy of HIM who

created us. Away, then, for ever, with this horrible notion, this moral, and political, if not religious heresy, that a Free Mason, or any other man, has the right to set at defiance the Law of God—**THOU SHALT NOT COMMIT MURDER**—by contracting away his life, and thus voluntarily consigning his soul to eternal perdition, and flinging from him (so far as his own act goes) the all-gracious atonement of the Redeemer!

But enough, for the present, of the unlawful, barbarous and blasphemous oaths, which grace the code of the “most ancient and honourable fraternity,” of which heaven or earth can boast, if we believe the vain-glorious and fool-hardy assertions of its inflated holiday trumpeters.

I have thus shown sufficient, I presume, to satisfy you, at least all of you who possess virtue and good sense, that you cannot enter into the Masonic Association, without incurring the risk of life, if conscience should afterwards prompt you to perform your duty fearlessly as men and citizens—without violating that self-respect which is one of the brightest gems in the human character, so long as it does not degenerate into vanity and false pride—without incurring the risk of losing the respect and esteem of society, by a course of dissipation—without betraying the rights and liberties of your country, by contracting obligations which destroy your fealty to her civil and political laws: And finally, that you cannot hold fellowship with *Free Masonry*, unless the Bible be a forgery and Christianity a fable, without violating your duty to your Divine Creator and Redeemer.

For all these sacrifices, which you must make, if you join the Order in earnest, and

zealously adhere to it, what adequate return can Free Masonry make to you? I answer, not any—not the shadow of a return. She can afford you no rational entertainment in her dark retreats; no new principles of science; no food for the mind, or the soul, in her ridiculous mysteries. Science of her own she has none. All her lights are borrowed. What she pretends to hide from the world in her dark conclaves, is not worth lifting the veil to come at, especially when she calls on you to loosen your purse-strings, and squander your money for every peep you take at her *rush-light* “*under a bushel!*” What her trumpeters, her orators, from those who are the most exalted in talent, down to the wildest fanatical, or the meanest hireling scribbler, who has wielded his pen in justification of her murderous career: what these, I say, have avowed as her principles, are no more her property than they are yours or mine. She stole them from the Mosaic code, the pages of the Patriarchs and the Prophets—from the Persian sun-worshippers; from the heathen and pagan Philosophy; and the Christian Revelation! And how she has acted up to them, let her midnight revels and debaucheries, and the graves of her murdered victims answer! We can follow her example, if base enough to claim what is not our own, and steal and borrow from the same sources, without confessing the crime, or acknowledging the obligation. So far indeed from being her own, she has not even the second-hand merit of preserving them in their original purity and sublimity. They have fared in her hands as the

brightest gem of Golconda would fare in the soiled hand, the dusky grasp of a son of Vulcan.

The universal and sublime principles of charity and benevolence which Plato, as well as Paul, enforced at Athens, she limits and contracts to those only who have been taught in her *scientific* retreats the grand operation of drawing the righthand across the tip of the chin, and giving the pass-grip at the doors of her temples of darkness and delusion. As her benevolence is stinted to her own household, and her charity begins at home; so is her chastity of the same pure and immaculate description: hence her noviciates, when they approach her nocturnal altars are sworn not to violate the persons of the wives or daughters of the mystic brotherhood, *knowing them to be the wives or daughters of the said brotherhood*; but are left at full liberty to seduce and corrupt, without the shield of any masonic tie for their protection, the wives and daughters of any or all beyond the pale of this brotherhood: these are her moral and intellectual beauties! Her religion, it is needless to speak of—for she has none—she never had any. She can embrace, with equal ardor, the Atheist, the Deist, the disciples of the Arabian Impostor, or the followers of Joanna Southcote! LUCIFER himself would find admittance to her honors, her rites and her mysteries, if he be not indeed the father of them, if he had but scrip or silver in his purse, to pay the fees of initiation. Since, then, in her speculative, moral and intellectual science, she can afford you nothing worth spending your time and your money for; surely you will not call upon her to teach you the operative or practical use of the square and the

compass, the guage and the bevil : For of these again she knows nothing more than their mere forms, which she has learned from the hieroglyphics on her walls, or from seeing them in the hands of those honest practical mechanics who know how to use them, without any thanks to her teaching ; and were she to attempt their practical application, she would cut the figure of the monkey which in a barber's shop had the temerity to attempt the handling of a razor *secundem artem* ! If, then, my young countrymen, for her speculative science, in its purity, you must go to Moses and the Prophets—to David and Solomon—to Plato and Socrates—to Jesus Christ and his Apostles : so, for the practical science of masonry, you must call, not at her door, but to that of some honest, industrious and sensible brick-layer ; to such a man you must go, in preference to any of her teachers, many of whom, in any sense, are scarcely qualified for hod-men, being as stupid as mules, and as ignorant as Hottentots. I profess no classical education, or discipline. Cast off an orphan, without parent to guide, or friend, or benefactor, to aid me in commencing my career in life, my youth was devoted to manual labor ; and my subsequent time has been full of business, cares, pleasures and perplexities : but with all these disadvantages, I fear not to challenge the most learned champion of her cause, to show a single feature in her system, which is worth preserving, and I will show that it does not belong to her ; that she is indebted for it to other sources than her own prolific invention or genius ; and finally, that she has not, in any sense whatever, the least pretension to the gratitude

of the mechanic, the respect of the philosopher, or the veneration of the saint. To test the truth of what I here advance, I think I may safely trust to your own good sense, if you reflect, for a moment, that the tree is known by its fruit; and will take the pains, whenever you see one of her pageants, or processions, moving through the streets, to discriminate between the men of talents and intelligence who compose it, and those who are stupid, illiterate, and ignorant; you will probably perceive that five out of six belong to the latter class: And if you look again at those who as *Grand Masters*, *Grand High Priests*, and *Grand Kings*, take the lead in this courtly pageantry, which she has introduced among us; it is equally probable that these *Grand Pillars of a would-be Nobility* (saving, perhaps, two or three cunning speculators) are as stupid, illiterate, and ignorant as their blind followers: For would any man of sense, I ask you, in a republican government, and especially a man friendly to such government, dress himself up and parade through the streets, without a blush, in the paraphernalia of an *Eastern Monarch*? But as these men, with no pretensions to education, taste, or native genius, and who hardly know, in the language of Shakspeare, "a hawk from a handsaw," are the special favorites of this modern "whore of Babylon," on whose forehead is written MYSTERY; are clothed in her scarlet robes; have risen to the highest degrees in her mystic temples; and stand forth the avowed and admitted *highest dignitaries*, who wear her official honors; does it not follow, that her *science*, and her *secrets* must be very like indeed to a "*day of small*

things," or a night of mist and darkness, thro' which may be seen, now and then, a straggling and solitary ray of moonshine!

Let her away, then, my young countrymen, with her quackery, her trumpery, her fraud and her falsehood, her trick and her tinsel, to the dark caverns of the Druids, which she inhabited, ere she landed on our shores, to pollute our atmosphere with her moral contagion, corrupt our civil and political institutions, insult our ears with her blasphemies, and stain our soil with the blood of innocence: And let me conjure you, if you wish for useful instruction, instead of seeking for it at her dark altars, to repair to the real temples of wisdom and virtue—the scientific schools, academies and colleges—the religious meeting houses, churches and chapels of your country. If from the former (the latter being free to all) any of you are excluded by your circumstances and condition in life; then procure, if within your reach, an Address, delivered at the opening of the Apprentices Library, in Albany, Jan. 1st. 1821. In that work is pointed out such a course of study for youth, not in circumstances to pay for learning, as will qualify any one who pursues it, with the aid of a good native mind, to mingle with credit to himself in any society, however intelligent or refined, and to fill to advantage, at least, if not to shine, in any station to which his country may call him.*

In imagination at least, I now hear you ask, if *Free Masonry* be so worthless, why did WASHINGTON rank himself among its members?—The answer is easy. It is a pretence of the ORDER, that it never invites or solicits any person

* See Appendix, Note 13.

directly or indirectly, to become a member : but this I know to be false by my own experience ; and I could multiply a thousand proofs of its falsehood, with very little difficulty, if I thought it important to do so. WASHINGTON, therefore, might have been seduced into it, as thousands have been to their ruin and regret. But if this be not the fact, still I am at no loss for an answer, and a very conclusive one, though it reflects no honor upon Free Masonry. WASHINGTON, like a thousand other men, yea, tens of thousands, heard of an institution which vauntingly inscribed MYSTERY on its portals ; and which affected the knowledge of wonderful secrets, calculated to make all those who should possess them both the wiser and the better for the discovery. WASHINGTON, who was a mathematician by nature, as well as a man of genius, was of course, more than the generality of mankind, in search after truth or wisdom ; for the disciples of Euclid, and of Archimedes, are of all others the most eager to come at conclusions founded literally and strictly on experience. Washington, therefore, in conformity to that spirit of curiosity which is natural, in the first place, to all the brighter part of our species, and hence is so predominant among women ; but which in him existed with two-fold force from his love of mathematical science : Washington, I say, under these impressions, which are always irresistible, determined to explore the mysteries, the hidden treasures of wisdom, which Free Masonry was supposed to possess. He did so. But where is the evidence that he learned any thing useful, which he did not know before, and better know than

he could learn it at her altars. In her threadbare remnants, her hieroglyphical fragments, of experimental or demonstrative science or art, could he who had mastered Euclid and Emerson, find any hidden or concealed light? And as to her speculative, or moral science, or principles (if speculation deserves in any shape the name of science,) could the sage who had followed Moses and the Prophets, and the Priests of Israel to the seats of the lawgiver, and the temples of the living God; who, in profane lore, had communed with Demosthenes and Cicero at the forum and in the senate; whose mind had commingled with the spirits of Socrates and of Plato, in their labours of the academic shades; whose intuitive genius had followed Newton in his sublime theory of gravitation; Locke in his unparalleled researches into the nature of the human intellect; and Bacon, the father of Modern Science, in the profound depths of his inductive philosophy: And finally, could the Patriarch, as well as the Hero of his country, who had drank deep at the Fountain of Light, which emanated from the Divine Mission of the Redeemer of Mankind; for Washington, to the valour of the hero, the virtue of the patriot, and the wisdom of the sage, added the faith and the graces of the Christian; and was not ashamed, with all his imperishable glory, to take up the cross, and bear it meekly in the presence of his country and his God—could such a man, I ask, thus gifted, thus endowed, both by nature and education—could he, the Christian Philosopher, the profound scholar, the great naturalist, the destined Father of his Country, find a solitary rill or spring, at which to allay much less to

slake his thirst for improvement, in the scientific and moral deserts which comprise the domains of Free Masonry? I boldly answer, NO; he could not; he did not. And did Washington ever bend his mind upon *Free Masonry*, after he had been permitted, for a price, to lift the veil which concealed her "*awful and sublime mysteries*," as they are styled by some of her noodle-headed holiday trumpeters? To this again, I boldly answer, NO. The gravity of his character; the calm and sedate wisdom that sat upon his brow; the dignity of soul which had placed him at the head of a Republic, and the love of truth, which had ever been his ruling passion, at once and forever forbade him to seek any further intercourse with the disciples of the ORDER, as such, or to continue his devotions at their altars of ignorance, quackery and imposture. I will venture to assert, that GEORGE WASHINGTON, after his initiation, never entered a Lodge Room with any other view than that of mere social intercourse, or common-place courtesy: nor do I believe, that he ever entered it with these views ten times in the course of his long and invaluable life. Masonic Editors, and Masonic Orators, boast of his fellowship with the fraternity, and give, as a proof of it, the polite reply which he once made to an address from a lodge. The address was one of those common-place affairs, which happen almost every day; and the answer was of course such as a well-bred man, and especially a benevolent man, would always give on a similar occasion. The laws of Free Masonry had not at that time compelled the murder of MORGAN; nor had her other midnight murders of SMITH and

MURDOCK been brought to light.* I will vouch for it, that were that immortal sage, hero, patriot and christian, now among us, he would blush to the cheek bone, to be seen clothed in the trappings of the usurping and blood-stained ORDER. I doubt, indeed, whether he ever was seen clothed in those trappings. The native dignity of his soul revolted at all unmeaning, frivolous and contemptible pageantry; and his philosophic mind, his enviable, lofty and sublime genius, soared as far above all the petty and the paltry science, the stolen and disjointed fragments, or gingerbread work, of speculative Masonry, as the majestic eagle of our clime, soars beyond all meaner birds: Yes, I repeat it, as the flight of the eagle is to that of the titmouse or the sparrow, was the soul of George Washington above the pretended secret science, and the fulsome, degrading, and mysterious rites of Free Masonry!

But still more effectually to deprive Free Masonry of the support she derives from the name of WASHINGTON, I shall now turn that justly venerated name directly against her; and for this purpose it is only necessary to refer to the farewell address of the Father of his Country. In a former work of mine I said —“ whenever posterity shall be so lost, as to forget the virtues of those times, and degenerate into slaves, the Legacy of Washington will prove the torch that shall light them to the tombs of their fathers, and the temples of liberty.” But little did I think, when thus expressing myself, that without waiting for posterity, it would, in my own day, become my own la-

* See Appendix, Note 13.

bour, and my sacred duty, to hold up that work as a beacon to my young countrymen, to warn them from the paths of perdition, the nocturnal conclaves of licentiousness and corruption; whence I venture to predict will yet emerge, clothed in the robes, and wearing the sword of royalty, the first **USURPER**, whoever he may be, that shall trample our liberties in the dust, and erect a throne upon their ruins. Such, at least, will be the event, if the people do not take time by the forelock, and provide an effectual constitutional remedy, or preventative: this, in my humble opinion, would be best effected, by amending our constitutions, both state and federal, so that no man should be allowed to hold any office of honour or profit, under them, who would not, in assuming the duties of it, swear to and subscribe a declaration—in addition to the oath or oaths now in use—that *he was not then a MEMBER, and would not thereafter become ONE of any SE-
CRET, SELF-CREATED COMBINATION whatsoever.* Some constitutional provision like this, but more guarded, perhaps, as well as more dilated, so as not to infringe upon the liberty of the citizen, in attempting the more effectually to secure it, I do not hesitate to say, is indispensable to the salvation of our civil and political rights. Without it they are sure to fall eventually beneath the bloody sword of some **USURPER**—some **GRAND KING**—some **KNIGHT of the RED CROSS**, or the **BLACK BANNER**, or the **HOLY GHOST!**—(blasphemous as it is, this is one of the titles of *Free Masonry*)—as that **I** now raise my warning voice, to prevent you, my young countrymen, from becoming the dupes

and the victims of deception, and the laws of God and my country from being again trampled upon, as they lately have been with impunity, by brutal masonic ruffians, and midnight conspirators !

But to return :—What says the Farewell Address, the invaluable LEGACY, bequeathed us by the FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY ! It warns us, in that clear and emphatical language, which characterises all that Washington ever said or wrote, to “ BEWARE OF SECRET ASSOCIATIONS, under whatever plausible character,” because “ *they are liable to become, in the course of time and things, potent engines, by which cunning, ambitious and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the power of the people, and usurp to themselves the reins of government.*” In the language of a brother Editor, and one of the few who deserve well of their country on this question—I mean the Editor of the *Morristown Palladium of Liberty*—“ When we hear him [*Washington*] uttering a farewell warning to his countrymen, to BEWARE OF SECRET COMBINATIONS, what are we to suppose he means ? Was it a dream of the imagination that flitted before the mind of the illustrious sage—or was it some reality, the effects of which he dreaded ? *What SECRET COMBINATION existed in our country at that time, except MASONRY ?—* And who was so likely to understand its *dangerous tendency*, as he who understood its *mysterious energies* ? We have never written a sentence so severe against masons : And we again ask, for whom was it intended by Washington, the great, the good, the prudent, if not for the masonic fraternity ? unless intended for them, it

could mean nothing ; and Washington never uttered a caution when no danger threatened.?" Well may I now exclaim, that the time has already arrived, when the LEGACY of Washington must prove the torch, that shall light us to the tombs of our fathers, and the temples of liberty!

And now it is, perhaps, time that you ask—If the science and the secrets of Free Masonry be so worthless, why was the hapless Morgan kidnapped and murdered for publishing a part of the latter, and threatening to publish the rest?

This question is likewise easily answered.

The ill-informed, uneducated, or weak men, who think them valuable—and whose weakness and delusion are to be pitied by all generous minds—are in general seriously and fanatically attached to them. This portion, you may reasonably suppose, constitutes a vast majority of the Order. On the other hand, the knaves and hypocrites, who know their emptiness and worthlessness, but who nevertheless make money by retailing them ; they see clearly, in such revelations as those of Morgan, the total destruction of their craft—their trade. These are the genuine, if not lineal, descendants of Demetrius, the silversmith, who played the same game so successfully at Ephesus, in the time of the Apostle Paul, who was accused by this Demetrius of spoiling his trade, in the same manner that Morgan has spoiled the trade of his modern posterity—by telling the truth. Then, again, the designing politicians, who laugh in their sleeves at the folly, and perhaps secretly despise the knavery of too many of their "*brethren* ;" nevertheless find, or at least have found, in by-gone times, their popularity

and power, in exchanging the *due-guards*, and *grips*, and *genuflexions*—(like those of a monkey's tail)—with the weak vessels of the Order—the children of six feet—who sip the genuine milk of masonry with the pap spoons of Jachin and Boaz! This brief reply to the last question, is sufficient, I trust, to satisfy you, why Morgan was murdered: And if thus satisfied, let me earnestly entreat you, my young countrymen, as you revere the tombs and the memory of your ancestors, as you love the liberty, which they bled and died to establish, as you believe in the religion of your blessed Redeemer, and hate the devil, and all his works of darkness; not only to abstain from Free Masonry yourselves, but to withhold your votes at the polls from all who do not renounce it openly, or convince you that they are beyond the reach of its malign influence. The universal prevalence of such a spirit as this, I deem essential to the preservation of our republican institutions: For having seen what *Masonry* has done, we know what she is capable of doing; and may clearly perceive what she will do hereafter, if the present excitement be not kept up against her, till she renounces her midnight orgies and altars, her fulsome and wicked mysteries, and her *Jesuitical* designs; or is totally defeated in them by the good sense and patriotism of the community.

Having taken this brief view of Free Masonry—brief, indeed, but true so far as it goes—let us take a look—a mere glimpse must suffice for the present—at the secret history of her temples of dissipation and delusion.

What is the secret history of most of the

Lodges which have been established among us ? Is it such as to command our respect for the purity of their origin ; for the motives which have actuated those who were the first to procure their charters, and commence their operations. As to the *grand source* of all the present state and local charters, or constitutions, in this country, we find it to have been a *Grand Convention*—for every thing connected with the *Lambskin Order*, is necessarily *grand*—held at Hartford, on the fourth Wednesday of January 1798, and composed of delegates from all the Northern States, including New-York. It is indeed remarkable, that Hartford should have been the seat of a *Masonic*, as well as a *Blue Light*, conspiracy against the laws and liberties of this country ; and it is to be hoped, that a people, so respectable, virtuous and enterprising, may yet take measures to wipe off for ever the odium of having given birth to two such monsters in the *Moral World*, as modern *Masonry* and blue-light *Federalism*: But be this as it may, if we examine, for a moment, the cause which has produced the multiplication of lodges, till we meet with one or more, in almost every small village throughout the country ; we shall find them to have been the offspring of the meanest of motives, as they have invariably become the prolific parents of the worst of vices, if not the vilest of crimes.

Whenever and wherever a village starts up, morality and good order, as well as religion and piety, very properly require the erection of a church : this is consonant to virtue, reason and sound policy, as well as the duty we owe to our God. The spire of the village church, is the

first thing which strikes the eye of the pious traveller; and as it modestly rises, pointing to the Christian's heaven, he beholds in it an emblem of the hope within him, and a pleasing proof of the progress of piety and civilization.

The next thing, if not in order of time the first, which though a convenience to the traveller, too often becomes a nuisance to the neighborhood, is the erection of a tavern: And what next? The village does not always grow rapidly—the travelling is not always good—and there are sometimes but few travellers, when it is good: in proportion, too, as the church flourishes, the tavern fades. The landlord finds his custom not quite equal to his wants, much less his wishes. Something must be done—some contrivance hit upon—and our countrymen are not backward at contrivance—to increase his custom and his coffers, to diffuse in larger quantities the stimulus which fills his kegs and decanters; and to pocket in return the loose change of the way-faring man, or the fool who heeds not the warning voice of the Prophet—*Wo unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink.*

Our wary Landlord, therefore, if he be not a *Free Mason*—if he has never known the mysterious sensations that seize the young and ardent “candidate,” when he learns to lisp those sublime cabalistics, JACHIN and BOAZ—immediately determines to become a member of the *Lambskin* fraternity. Full of the matter, he loses no time in repairing to the next village or city, or wherever there is a *Noodle Manufactory* established, and gets himself initiated into the sublime mysteries of the *ancient and honorable Craft*. To do justice to his head,

however, he does not mean to become a *Noodle* himself; but to learn the art of making *Noodles* of others. The bright eye—the dazzling sun—the milder crescent, and the seven little twinkling stars, are now seen to decorate his sign-board, which almost feels amazed at finding itself the bearer of so many gilded and mysterious images; and which are held out as so many monitors to the traveller, or villager, that within there dwells a man, whose heart is so generous and tender, that he will feast them on the smiles of benevolence, as well as the sweets of small-beer, brandy and beef-steaks.

Brother Lambskin is now fully prepared to give the sign manual at the tip of the chin, and the mysterious grip; and to seduce those, who are so *wise* as to know how to answer his signals, *to rise up early in the morning to buy his strong drink.* But as there may not be enough of such asses or cattle, in the village or vicinity, to make the speculation equal his *benevolent* design in joining the fraternity; he soon recollects, that he has a garret entirely vacant, inhabited only now and then by a few erratic rats and mice, and perhaps a half-starved cat, (watching for her prey in the upper story, as her master watches for his below,) not one of which has ever turned its attention to the mysteries of masonry; but which are now in a fair way to meet on a level with the sons of light; for an ingenious publican has hit upon the expedient of turning his empty garret into a Lodge Room, getting a charter from the Grand Lodge—that focus of iniquity and corruption; and himself, with two or three of his sly associates, constituted master, wardens, and treasurer, and the rest, not the least

important object, but rather one of "*the chief keys of the concern.*" He now begins to realise the fruition of his golden dreams in joining the *Order*. He goes to work, in good earnest, at making *free masons*, as well as retailing *Julips*—and every "blind candidate" that he leads to the altar, adds one to his *Julip* customers!

Thus the young and heedless villager is first lured to the door, whose *steps lead down to the gates of hell!*—industrious mechanics are seduced from their workshops—the farmer, in the vicinity, is taught to think more of prying into the secrets of the lodge, than of ploughing his land—wives are deserted by their husbands, at a time when their society is most expected at the domestic fire-side—and children are left to go ragged, and without sustenance or education—that our *Grand Village Necromancer*, our wholesale and retail dealer in *Mystery*, *Moonshine* and *Mixed Liquors*, may revel and wax fat, and flourish upon all this folly and wickedness of his own creation: And thus, when compared with the truly useful and indispensable village church, the old saw is completely realised:—

"Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
"The Devil comes, and builds a temple there."

Our hero is now in the full tide of successful experiment; and the sun, moon, and twinkling stars on his cabin-board, are but faint emblems of his aspiring hopes. With a troop of *Noodles* at his heels, he emerges from the bar room to the bench, as a Justice of the Peace, or County Judge; or leaps over the head of many a better man into the halls of legislation, as a law-giver to the people! Well may he put on

a solemn face, as Cromwell did when stooping to find his cork-screw, he made his fanatical intruders believe he was kneeling to pray; well, I say, may our hero, when surrounded by his dupes in the garret, sing with all needful gravity and grimace :—

“ Hail Masonry divine ;
 Glory of ages shine,
 Long mayst thou reign :
 Where'er thy lodges stand,
 May they have great command,
 And always grace the land,
 Thou ART divine .”

This is a brief, but pretty fair history of the rise and progress of perhaps nine tenths of our country temples of fatuity : motives of a similar nature, bearing, in many cases, upon different objects, both political and mercenary, have no doubt given rise to all the city Lodges, from the GRAND FOCUS, to the most insignificant retreat of midnight mystery and moral turpitude.

For example, let us take a glance at the ALBANY LODGE, some thirty years ago.

In the olden time of purity and simplicity, when the population of Albany was composed wholly of a strictly industrious, moral and religious people, so silly and so wicked a thing as *Free Masonry*, I presume, was not thought of among them. Our ancient burghers had too much good sense to be attracted by such a contemptible illusion ; and too much of good old Netherland honesty and piety to think of speculating in so vile a commodity. There was indeed between the stern virtue of the Pilgrims, who first landed on Plymouth Rock, and the spirit of the early settlers of Albany, so strong

a resemblance—that deeply is it to be regretted, that their posterity have not all imbibed and cherished the love of truth, the undefiled integrity, the sober, moral and industrious habits, and the unaffected piety, which animated and sustained, through so many perils and privations, those early and intrepid visitants to the shores of a barbarous and benighted region. It is probable, however—I have not time at present to ascertain the fact precisely—that during the war of '56, or some other military epoch, *Free Masonry* may have slyly crept in among the Albanians, through the agency of the epaulette: for it has been one of the successful artifices of the Craft, to teach young soldiers, that they would derive advantage in the hour of peril or extremity from its *due-guards* and *grips*. In fact, when they find appeals to the curiosity and credulity useless, they can stoop to alarm the cowardice of those whom they wish to ensnare.

The GRAND LODGE of the state, it appears, received its first charter from the *Duke of Athol*, dated London, 5th September, A. L. (*year of Light*) 5781.* To have said A. D. (*year of our Lord*) 1781, would not have comported with the *Ducal*, the *Royal* origin of an Institution, which soars above the humble, though heaven-born religion of our Redeemer. But be this as it may, *Free Masonry*, I believe, made no figure in Albany till after the close of the revolution. Nobody heard of it—nobody thought of it—nobody would have thought of it—had it not been for a clever Dutch Lawyer, who wanted to multiply his clients, and a shrewd yankey tavern-keeper, willing to increase his bar-room circle: these sage calculators put their heads together;

* See Appendix, Note 14.

and having themselves learned the "art, trade and mystery" of the *Craft*, they soon persuaded a few simple and credulous men, that they could open their eyes to a marvellous light, which they had under a bushel, in a certain garret.— Thus the revival commenced.

Shortly after, there came along—(in 1791-'92)—a very ingenious brother Yankey of mine, with whom I had been slightly acquainted before he settled here, who worked in leather and paste-board on some occasions; at paper-staining on others; and like many of our sun-rising brethren, knew how to make an honest penny at the same time in several other ingenious but lawful pursuits. To do him justice, he had a versatility of talent; and nature had bountifully endowed him with sagacity and foresight. He had read *Jachin and Boaz*, honest Samuel Pritchard's *Masonry Dissected*, the *Three Distinct Knocks*, and several other luminous treatises, and none the more *luminous* for being true portraits of *Free Masonry!* He perceived, at a single glance, that those who could believe, for a moment, in the utility of such trash and mummery, must be fit subjects for him to speculate upon: hence he was not long in making up his mind to join the aforesaid *Lawyer* and *Publican*, that a trio might be formed who could very adroitly aid each other's views. The coalition was no sooner conceived than it was consummated, and our hero was elevated (being a *rare genius*) in the twinkling of an eye, to the highest, or one of the highest niches in the *Temple of Wisdom*. He now commenced in earnest the plan he had formed, before he exchanged the mysterious grip with his new associates. My brother Yankey,

as I said before, was an ingenious workman in leather and lambskins; and as every new-born babe in Masonry would want a bib, or apron, the more "*blind candidates*," he ushered into the *marvellous light* of Brother * * * * *'s mysterious garret, the more aprons he sold. He employed at one time half the young seamstresses in the city, at stitching on the borders, and finishing off these bibs for the babes and sucklings of the mystic tie; but this was not the only source of emolument which my sun-rising brother found in the pleasant walks of the fraternity: he was, the reader will bear in mind, a paper-stainer, as well as a dresser of lamb-skins, and consequently the more lodges that were chartered, the more of his coloured paper was called for to decorate their altars and their walls! What universal charity! What expanded benevolence! The *Shylock* of Shakspeare was a simpleton to this speculator in masonic decorations, signals and symbols!

It is the property, if not the peculiar property of such charity and benevolence, to spread rapidly; it meets with too much congeniality of feeling in the human breast; and so it happened at this time. There was a very ingenious painter, also one of my sun-rising brethren, who then inhabited a gloomy retreat, in a narrow lane, where he enjoyed scarce light enough by which to mix his colours; and where, like Shakspeare's apothecary, between whom and my friend there was a striking resemblance, he would languish, almost without hope, if not in absolute despair, week after week, if not month after month, without having his dark hole, though it was the retreat of genius, illumined by the smile of an

amateur, much less of a patron. The reader will, therefore, not be surprised to learn, that this son of genius and obscurity, soon discovered, that the *Lamb-skin* bibs, or aprons, were not complete—not fit to adorn the persons of the *sons of Light*—till, by the aid of the pencil and the pallet, their spotless and virgin white was made to yield, in part, to the coloured and gilded forms of certain sublime hieroglyphicks, at the sight of which the eyes of a new-born babe in masonry (as well as the optics of an old Noodle) will glisten like those of a cat in a coal-barrel. Our worthy painter, of course, found it the best thing he could do—(seeing the solitary state of his shop—of which he would often mutter—

In this dark solitude, and lonely cell,
Where heaven-born genius and *starvation* dwell !*)

—to join, without delay, the *grand trio*, who had already got their *sublime vocation* in the full tide of successful experiment ! The son of the pencil and the pallet, was soon seen arm in arm with the *Paper Gilder*, and with the further aid of a *Five Dollar* bill, perhaps the last relic of his New-England fortunes, got the *word* and the *grip*, the *alpha* and *omega* of masonic science, and was hailed by the brotherhood as a worthy disciple of the *Lamb-skin* ! Oh ! how unfortunate for genius, to be driven to degrade itself, to descend from its native dignity, and to seek fellowship with ignorance, and quackery, in quest of patronage !

I just now recollect, that I am running a little ahead of my story : but truth will tell as well in one part of a history as another : it is falsehood-

* See Appendix, Note 15.

only that can blur any page. Before the painter's eyes were opened to the *marvellous light*, which shines on and about the altars of the Craft, there was another worthy sun-rising brother of mine (four *Yankeys* to one *Dutchman*) who, as the old song says,

“Made hats upon blocks, for blockheads to wear.”

This honest adventurer, who had been journeyman to the *Publican* already alluded to, before the latter left off handling fur, to retail madeira and manufacture *Free Masons*, was quick to perceive—and what is it that one of my keen *Yankey* brethren is not quick to perceive—that if *Free Masonry* did not make blockheads, it *took in* slick enough, all it could catch ready made in the natural way. He had emerged from journey-work, and opened shop on his own account. The main chance occupied his thoughts, as it does those of all pains-taking men. He had a room full of blocks, for which, in the infancy of his business, he had but little if any use; and which, as they were ranged round his shelves, in silent and solemn order, very naturally put him in mind of a Lodge in session—

“Where one fool lolls his tongue out at another,
“And shakes his empty noddle at his brother!”

My good-friend—for all these personages were my friends and companions—was, I repeat it, quick to perceive, that to find heads for his blocks, the masonic lodge room was the place to resort to, after the toils of the day; and having fully counted the cost, as well as the consequence, he marched forward, not with the zeal of a pilgrim, with peas in his shoes, going to

wait upon "our Lady of Loretto;" or that of an honest missionary among the *Esquimaux*, who cheerfully runs the risk of being scalped for the good of a good and holy cause; but with the cool sagacity of the Beaver, and the calculation of a Wall-street Shaver, did my friend announce himself at the inner door of the temple, with the *Shibboleth* of *Jachin* or *Boaz* in his mouth; I forget which; for I don't recollect, whether it was just before, or shortly after, SMITH, of Vermont, was *morganised* for disclosing those cabalistic terms in this country; and when they were transposed, by official communication from lodge to lodge, to keep *book* masons from getting in among the *Lamb-skins*, and the *wolves in sheep's clothing*. But be this as it may, the honest hatter pronounced the magic word, and the awful response admonished him to enter, when

"On a sudden, open flew
With impetuous recoil, and jarring sound,
Th' infernal doors:"

But our hero was not alarmed—he entered, not so much "with fear and trembling," as with a lively hope, that his idle blocks would soon start from their resting shelves, and be seen to bloom and flourish in the richest of beaver, to deck the noddles of the *Entered Apprentices*, and *Fellow-Craftsmen*, and *Masters*, and *Grand Masters*, and *Grand High Priests*, and *Grand Kings*, and other *illustrious dignitaries*, who swell the catalogue of the *Noodle Nobility* of the self-created Order!

These were the *FIVE Scribes and Pharisees*, who carried on, for a long while, the old *Noodle Manufactory* in North Pearl-street, and afterwards in Court-street. It was about this time that Bar-

tas and his associates formed the Executive Directory of France, and were called the *Five Headed Monster*; and I well recollect, jumbling great things and small ones, that more than once I amused myself in comparing the operations of the great *Five Headed Monster*, of Paris, with the little *Five Headed Monster*, of Albany. The one played off Political Quackery on a great scale; the other Masonic Quackery on a small scale.

Under the auspices of the little *Five Headed Monster* the work went bravely on. Every *Publican*, who came to town, was sure to find his way to *Union Lodge*, happily so called, from the *generous* and *noble spirited* union of so many various and *disinterested* interests. A *Dutch Lawyer*, and a shrewd one too; a *Yankey Tavern Keeper*, who knew 'something more than "a hawk from a handsaw;" a *Yankey Book Binder*, who had studied mankind, as well as Pritchard's *Masonry Dissected*, and knew precisely when and where to commence the art of making *Lamb-skin* aprons; a *Yankey Painter*, who knew how to make them shine with the *Insignia* of the *Ducal Order*; and a *Yankey Hatter*, who knew where to find block-heads to suit his empty blocks;—these formed altogether a rare "*brotherhood of hope*," as well as of "*mutual help*."

As I said before, these "choice spirits" of the den, took good care to bring every country *Publican*, who came to town, where he could get the *word* and the *grip*; where he could have his eyes opened to the glorious light—the "*divine art*" of *selling two gills of rum where he sold but one before!* And where was the honest *Publican*, who would not come post-haste, especially at that early stage of our back population, from *Sacon-*

daga, *Caughnawaga*, the peak of the *Helleberg*, old *Beaver Dam*, or *Skunk's Misery*, to learn a secret of so much importance to himself at least, if not to the great family of mankind! No sooner were the eyes of the Pilgrim opened, at the altar of the little *Five Headed Monster*, than he would return, brim-full of mystery and moonshine; and go to opening the eyes of his *blind* neighbours, with one hand, to the sublime light he had imbibed in an Albany garret, whilst with the other he would as often and as speedily close them with sixpenny opiates from his brandy or gin bottle! I am writing sober history—if not a history of sober things—as true, if not so dignified as that of Hume or Gibbon, Robertson or Ramsay; and certain I am as necessary to be studied by every American youth, who wishes to pass through life without being made the dupe of a set of vile impostors.

But to return to our *Sacondaga*, or *Caughnawaga* Pilgrim; or the one from *Skunk's Misery*, alias *Old Jericho*—I knew him well—he is no fictitious personage on this page—or in short, to any one of these Pilgrims:—having thus learned the way to make the most of his mixed liquors, from his *benevolent* brethren and preceptors of Albany, and concluding, like a grateful man—a rare thing in these days—that “one good turn deserves another,”—and the *fine arts*, much less the *sciences*, having at that day made but little if any progress in the country; it was proper, as well as natural, for him to send to them—the *Five Masonic Sachems* in Albany—all such of his children of light as had occasion to see counsel learned in the law—to get lamb-skin aprons made and painted for the next festival of Saint

John—to mount a new roram or beaver—or to obtain a night's lodging and refreshment, while transacting their business here, or waiting for a passage in some sloop about sailing for New-York!

Thus the *mystical science* flourished, with my sun-rising brethren, who had travelled west, instead of east, in search of light, and had found as much of it as answered their purposes; for they reaped a rich harvest from seed sown in darkness—nor did my old friend, the *Dutch Lawyer*, have reason to regret the happy union, in which he long travelled with them in the delightful paths of *brotherly love* and *successful speculation*!

I now come to a point, at which I should pause, were it not that I have calmly reviewed my past life; and am fully prepared both to acknowledge and renounce, any or all of the errors I have ever committed; the greatest of which, I am certain, was that of joining the masonic fraternity, and taking the obligations, which it imposes.

It was by my brother Yankey, the *Paper Stainer*, who soon became, if it be not irreverent, as well as paradoxical to say so, “*a burning and a shining light*” in the dens of darkness!—It was by this *Grand High Priest*, and afterwards I believe *Grand King*, that I was led to obtain a glimpse of the glories that beam with such sublime effulgence within the four walls of a Lodge, and the reach of a “*cable-tow*!”

I need not tell you, my young countrymen, that I never thanked him for leading me into the *mysterious* lore of the fraternity; especially when I inform you, as a solemn fact, as well as a sol-

emn warning, that when I was weak enough to spend my time and money, in going through four degrees of the "*Divine Science*," the *High Priest* of the *Proud Order*, who date their charters, and their puerile records, from the *year of Light*, instead of the *year of our Lord*—actually catechised me, in the *sublime mysteries*, from the pages of that masterpiece of masonic wit and wisdom, of which you have lately heard a good deal, entitled—*JACHIN and BOAZ*!—Yes, and what man of common sense, who is not a mason, will not be astonished to hear it—and what man of common honesty will not feel indignant at the vile Impostors—I was taught three degrees of the "*sublime science*," out of that contemptible essay—an essay, for the publication of which, contemptible and worthless as it is, the author was murdered by the fraternity in London, and the first re-publisher in this country shared the same awful fate! And yet it is another solemn fact, that during the last winter certain *Royal Arch Masons*, of the city of Albany, procured the publication of from five to ten thousand copies of that silly book, which they caused to be peddled through the western parts of this state, and elsewhere, by a young man, whose name is *Morgan*; and by which means a two-fold imposition (well worthy of Free Masonry) was to be accomplished; first, to pass off the book as that of the ill-fated, murdered *Morgan*; and secondly, to lead the public to believe, that he was alive and peddling his own work! If this be not the climax of rascality, fraud, and villany, I know not what is; and yet it was practised by *Royal Arch Masons of Albany*—and what was ludicrous indeed, one of their own messengers, sent expressly to Troy to play

off this pitiful imposition, got caught in one of their own traps—for a stout *Noodle* of the mystic tie, not being aware of the trick, committed an assault and battery upon the pedlar *for retailing masonic secrets*, and the poor fellow was glad to escape with some hard remembrances on his seat of honour! But let me not lose sight of my Yankey friend, the *Paper Stainer*. He was a bookseller, as well as a bookbinder; and could in fact, so well was he gifted with ingenuity, turn his hand to almost any thing, in the way of getting along through life. Whether he was privy to it, or not, the reader may determine; but certain it is, that before my admission I had a hint from a worthy brother, that by obtaining *Jachin and Boaz*, I should get along the better with the *sublimities* of the craft, and was told at the same time, *on the five points*, where to procure it: And I actually bought it (the transaction being a wonderful sly one on both sides) of an honest Quaker bookseller (well known to many persons yet living in this city) who was the *partner in trade* of my Yankey friend and *masonic preceptor*! It was about these days, as our honest Almanack makers say, that the unfortunate SMITH, of Vermont, was *morganised* for publishing that same book—and not many years after, poor MURDOCK, of Rensselaerville, shared the same fate, because his wife had learned it by rote, and repeated it among the gossips of the village; the unfortunate woman not dreaming, that she was, by the propagation of such *light and learning*, to bring herself to a state of widowhood, and her children to that of orphanage!

It was, perhaps, fortunate for me, that my wife

(I had been married a year only when I joined the *sons of Light*!) was a very prudent woman; for a sad accident happened shortly after my initiation—and that *memorable* event took place in the evening of *April Fool's Day*, 1795!—an accident, the bare recollection of which might bring tears into my eyes, if I were not a laughing, instead of a crying *Philosopher*: But “you that have tears prepare to shed them now!” I took the grand text book, the *alpha* and *omega*, of the first three degrees of Free Masonry (I mean the masonic master-piece, *Jachin* and *Boaz*) home to study—if it be not a gross perversion of the term, thus to use it, with my present experience. So very careful was I of this *precious revelation*—this magazine of *masonic mysteries*—and so fearful that my good wife would find it—that I sought a hiding place for it as carefully as a dog does when he hides away a bone—and after a most profound cogitation, I concluded to lay it away very slyly on the canopy of my bed-curtains, which came so nearly in contact with the ceiling, that I could not but congratulate myself on “*the wisdom of Solomon* ;” for I really thought the sublime *Sibylline* as safe as it would have been in the *Sanctum Sanctorum* of the *Order*, in brother *****'s garret! But my unlucky stars prevailed about this time, as they often have since; and as I had very properly, though not intentionally commenced my masonic career on *All Fool's Day*, it seemed as though the continuance of it was to be in good keeping with the commencement; for without giving me the least warning my wife had declared war against certain intruders that had disturbed our sweet slumbers now and then; and having called to

her aid an Amazon well qualified for the battle that was to be fought, both the bed-stead and the curtains were suddenly and completely decomposed, turned topsy turvy! The awful consequence was, that JACHIN and BOAZ were hurled upon the floor by the rude hand of a pot-wrestler:—

“ Oh! what a fall was there my countrymen,
 My long-ear'd brethren of the mystic tie!
 “ Then you and I, and all of us fell down,”
 Whilst Betty Bouncer “flourished over us!”
 E'en now, methinks I see her brawny arm,
 Sun-burnt and freckled, soil'd by soot and grease,
 Aloft extending to the curtain-top,
 With rude hand hurling from its sly retreat,
 The hidden *Jewel* of the holy craft,
 The great masonic master-piece of wit,
 And wisdom, such as *Nincompoops* have claim'd
 As all their own, and proudly hid from all,
 Since Babel's contrariety of tongue:
 For then it was, our worthy craft began—
 And well it might—for Folly then had rais'd
 Its brazen crest among the clam'rous crowd,
 And beat down wisdom; and with madness fired,
 Dared e'en attempt to scale the throne of heaven!
 Oh! *Betty Bouncer, Betty Bouncer, Oh!*
 Didst thou mistake great Boaz for a bug?
 And Jachin for an earwig, or a flea!
 If not, why didst thou rudely thus disturb
 Their sly repose, and drag them forth to light?
 Weep, brethren, weep, unlucky was the day,
 And full of wo! (Oh! blot it ever out,
 Ye that make Almanacks, and planets trace,
 Through all their orbits in the realms of light,)
 When a mean chambermaid was seen to grasp

The *Sibylline*, so rare, that *Tommy Thumb*,
 With thimble-full of sconce might compass it :
 And yet, since Babel's bold, abortive scheme,
 How many dumpling heads have conn'd it hard,
 And thought themselves the wiser for its lore !
 Without the aid of pungent Maccaba,
 Or onion juice, what sapient son of light,
 What *Lamb-skin Knight* or *High Priest of the Sun*,
 Would not have wept—had he been there to hear,
 How Betty, with an arch, sardonic smile,
 Called on her mistress to behold the fall
 Of JACHIN and of BOAZ—mighty props
 Of mean deception, fraud and quackery !
 Dear twins, sweet twins; of mystic mother born,
 Who tread the midnight maze where Noodles meet—
 And knaves that fleece the noodles; calling them,
 While they fleece 'em, tender names, as—brothers !
 Sweet brothers!—kind, faithful, loving brothers !—
 “Ye Gods! it doth amaze me,” Betty cried—
 That men—since women could not—should be found
 So simple, to be made the dupes of knaves,
 Coxcombs, charlatans, and vile pretenders !
 Why I myself—that here am doom'd to war—
 Ignoble strife—with cob-webs, bed-bugs, fleas !
 Rude, ign'rant, uncouth in speech and manners ;
 Who never had the benefit of conning
 So much as A—B—C—in any school,
 But train'd from infancy, by cruel fate,
 To handle mopsticks, spits and frying-pans,
 Wash-tubs and water-pails, and pots and kettles,
 And ply the greasy art of cookery : •
 Yet would I scorn to wear “a cable-tow,”
 For all masonic *Noodles* ever know !

No sooner did my wife discover what it was
 that had called forth the eloquence of the

chambermaid, than she started back, as though she had encountered a rat, or an apparition; but being possessed of good *Irish* spunk, she soon mustered courage to pick up the *Sibylline*; and in less than the twinkling of an eye came running into my office, where I was quietly at work among the types, not dreaming of the sad mishap, that had upset the curtains, and exposed the "*divine mysteries*" to the profane eye, and the vulgar curiosity, of honest *Betty*—In she came, I say, her eyes sparkling with the mingled scintillations of half-stifled anger, and full-flowing pity, if not a little contempt; exclaiming, as she entered, that she had found me out!—that she well knew where I had been on *All Fool's* night, as well as some other nights!—and that there was the evidence of it!—throwing the book upon the table, and asking me, if I was *not a very wise young man* to have been led by that cunning red-coated Yankey—(red-coats had just gone out of fashion in New-England, but one of them still lingered on the back of my *brother* and *preceptor*)—to spend my time and my money in that way! Here was something a little more alarming than 'a tempest in a tea-pot;' but what could I say to this ill-timed discovery, as I then thought it? What I did say, I cannot now recollect. But though "*the wisdom of Solomon*" had failed, I am proud to say, that my wife, on a little reflection, behaved like a sensible, prudent woman; and not long after I, for once in my life, at least, behaved like a prudent man: For I determined to throw off for ever the undue influence which my royal *arch* Yankey *brother* had acquired over me: accordingly, after taking the fourth degree, of which more hereafter, I told him frankly that I would never go a step further in *Free Masonry*.

He pretended to be very much surprised—but I could clearly see it was sheer affectation—and began the old story of something worth knowing, which was yet behind the curtain.

Stop, my dear sir, said I, and I will give you briefly what I believe to be the history of all your science and your secrets.

Well, said he, what is it?

You have heard, sir, I replied, of one of our Yankey brethren, who advertised, as a rare show, a wonderful horse, which exhibited the queresst freak in nature imaginable; for the tail of the beast was precisely where his head ought to have been! The virtuoso of the vicinity, read the advertisement, and were all exceedingly puzzled to account for so rare a phenomenon! The village attorney had found no precedent of the kind in that *magazine* of wonders, called *Every Man his own Lawyer*—the Knight of the Pill and the Pestle, had searched Buchan's *Family Physician*, and *Aristotle's Master-Piece*, in vain, for any likeness of such a *lusus naturæ*—the honest *Parson*, who did not happen to be a *Boanerges*, declared, that he had never heard of such a wonder, since the *Beast with seven heads and ten horns*, but these were all at the right end—the village matron, I may as well speak out plainly—the shrewd midwife—well knew that a child might be born with two heads, or a horse with two tails! She had seen the one, and had heard of the other from the *Farrier Man*, and was therefore quite *sartin* it might be so—but even she had never, in all her born days, heard of any creature coming into the *univarse* with its head at the tail end! While these sage speculations occupied the minds of the village philosophers, the people were crowd-

ing round the stable-door, and clamouring for admittance. The cunning show-man, like my *Masonic Monitor*, knew full well that by *taking in* one at a time, the game would last the longer. The first that entered, came out, after a while, apparently well pleased—and to the question, *Is his tail where his head ought to be?* readily answered in the affirmative: others, equally prudent, and resolved not to expose their own credulity, followed his example: at length a clown among the crowd, pushed his way in, and behind the curtain; but he soon came out again, and with honest simplicity cried out—*darnation* seize the *feller*; he's tied the tail to the hay-rack, and let the head poke out the *tother* end of the stall! I need not add, the effect which this disclosure had on the gaping multitude at the barn-door; nor that which my relation of it produced on the countenance of my sage friend and preceptor in the occult and sublime science of masonry: but of one thing, you may rest assured, that in every masonic lodge, from that of the pin-feathered *Boaz*, or *Apprentice*, to the full-fledged *Ineffable*, you will find *the horse with his head where his tail ought to be!* And if any of you wish to be made asses of, you have only to pay him a visit, and the length of your ears will soon equal the extent of your wishes!

As to myself, I have often sincerely rejoiced at the fall of the curtains, which probably saved me from being led into that vice of which the *Glasgow Professor*, before alluded to, so truly says, the masonic lodges are “the genuine academies;” and by means of which so many of the *sons of light* are led prematurely to the dark mansions of the grave.

As I have stated already, I did not take leave of the Institution, until after I had taken the fourth degree; but previous to mounting that step in the ladder, I had become pretty well disgusted with the mummery and quackery of the lodge-room; and I have preserved to this day, and shall here insert, a brief, epigrammatic correspondence, which actually took place between the "*cunning red-coated Yankey,*" as my wife styled him, and myself. He was, however, a good-hearted man; and excepting his rage for speculating in *Free Masonry*, possessed amiable qualities, and enviable talents. The following squibs were passed and re-passed in good humour at the time. He was presiding in the *Old Union*, one night, and I stood at the Secretary's desk, and wrote, and handed to him, as follows:

In a garret in Court-street, there mingles a set
 Of sharpers, and asses, and noodles well met—
 Who pretend to a secret—all folly and fudge—
 He that pays for admittance his money will grudge,
 When he finds to his sorrow his business fail,
 And he feels like a fox with a trap at his tail—
 For the way to bankruptcy and ruin is clear,
 To the flats that come hither for secrets and beer,
 Old Jamaica, gin, brandy, and frolic and fun,
 Silly dupes of delusion, their race is soon run.
 When their cash, and their credit, and fame are no more,
 Then in vain will they knock at Free Masonry's door—
 They are no longer worthy to meet on the square,
 'To relieve them, the Lodge has no money to spare:
 Let them go to the Poor House each dear brother cries
 For in that they may learn to be sober and wise!
 For my own part I've seen full enough of your joke,
 May I never again "buy a pig in a poke."

I shall bid you farewell for a parcel of geese,
And I hope I'm the last Yankey booby you'll fleece.

S.

This produced, from him, the following impromptu:—

Be quiet—I know it—say never a word—
Our craft is to blind and bamboozle the herd!
The world is a goose, and pray, where is the man,
Who'll not pluck a feather whenever he can!
You may go—but remember, *the fate of the fool*
Will be yours, if you dare to tell tales out of school!

W.

To which I rejoined :

I shall go—but to talk of the tinsel and trick,
The arts, that are taught in this school of *Old Nick*,
Would be idle, indeed; for the world would cry—BOO!
To the goose, that was pluck'd by such sharpers as you!

S.

Be assured, my young countrymen, that I have here briefly illustrated the history of our masonic lodges; sure I am, that every honest and sensible man, whose knowledge is founded on experience, will agree, that with some slight variations, the account I have given of their origin, wherever they have raised their gorgon heads among us, will seriously and truly apply.

As to the Origin of the Order, it is not material to point it out to you, even if it were an easy task to do so: but it is not: no one has yet succeeded in lifting the veil that conceals it. There is no reason to believe, however, that like the towering and sublime works of creation it hides its head in the heavens; but that it rather resembles a turbid stream, whose source is hidden in some swamp or morass, the physi-

cal representative of that moral darkness and quackery, almost peculiar to the Order. I have pored over half a dozen of its best professed historians, to very little purpose on this point. The Editors of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, who have given an elaborate compilation of its history, and the best, because the most sober one, finally acknowledge, that though ancient, there is no authentic account of its origin. What they give of it proves nothing in its favor as it now stands. Whilst confined to operative science, and in the hands of such men as Christopher Wren, and other real and ingenious architects, it may have had its uses. Preston says—“*Ever since symmetry began, and harmony displayed her charms, our ORDER has had a being!*” and it is astonishing, that the learned authors of the *Encyclopedia* could suffer such nonsense to pass, as they have done, without criticism, or censure: it can only be accounted for on the supposition that they were *Free Masons*, and blindly prejudiced: for as symmetry began, and harmony displayed her charms, in the works of God, before this creation; nay, as symmetry existed coeval with God himself, in his own person; it follows, from this rhapsody, that the *Order* is not merely as old as the creation, but existed eternally in Heaven, *in and with the Supreme Being!* What superlative nonsense! what infamous blasphemy! to be handed down in, and stain the pages of a work of science! *Operative Masonry*, we all know, must be as old as the first workers in mortar, brick and stone, wherever they were. *Speculative Masonry*, which we are now combatting, is much younger: some

aver, that the higher orders have been instituted or invented within three centuries past. *Thomas Paine* asserts, that it had its origin in the religion, as it was long concealed in the caves, of the *British Druids*. In his posthumous works, we find the secrets of the Order, so far as relates to the first three degrees; but not so full a disclosure, as was made, and sworn to, before the Lord Mayor of London, by *Samuel Pritchard*, in 1730; nor equal, in point of importance, to that which the unfortunate *Morgan* thought it his duty to make. No man should fail to read *Morgan's* book, and to put it into the hands of his children; for although it be not intrinsically worth any thing; yet as a beacon to warn youth against being led to destruction, in pursuit of an *ignis fatuus*, which the longer they follow the farther it is off, the value of the work is inestimable. By murdering the author, as they have done, "*our Order*" have established the truth of that work beyond all doubt or contradiction; the man must be worse than an idiot who does not perceive this: but there is another book, which deserves to be placed in the hands of every old, as well as young, man in the Union. I allude to the work of *Stearns*, a learned and pious Elder of the Baptist church. *Mr. Stearns* has gone further into the subject, than I have time at present to do; my principal aim being to warn you, my young countrymen, against fraud and deception; and at the same time to leave on record, in this form, my compliments to "*our Order*," in return for some very generous, noble, brave, and magnanimous attentions I have received at their hands,

or those of their minions ; especially in rushing, with such modest haste, and fraternal fury, to the printing-office of *The National Observer*, to erase their names from the list of its patrons ; and that, too, for no other reason but because I would not, like a vile scoundrel, and a traitor to my country, suppress the truth in relation to the abduction of Morgan, and of Miller, and the outrages connected with those daring violations of law and liberty ; thus waving their *black banner* over my gray head, to intimidate me into a base and cowardly surrender of the liberty of the Press, sooner than yield a jot or tittle of which, if I know my own heart, I would a thousand times, if possible, suffer the fate of Morgan.

But to return for a moment, from this digression, to the origin of "*our Order*." I think, it may be fairly traced to the Persian worshippers of the sun, if no further back ; and, if I mistake not, there are several indications in holy writ of its mingling with the Jewish rites and ceremonies, especially when the Jews were enslaved, or given up to idolatry, magic and corruption.—Its inflated orators, and rhapsodical historians, as you may see by what that moon-calf, Mr. Preston, has said, give us wonderful accounts of its antiquity. If they are to be believed, we sublunarians can have only a minor branch of it ; for there never was, it seems, room enough in this little narrow world of ours, for the birth, much less the growth, of such a Prodigy ! It is, indeed, to be wondered at, that when this monstrous, mighty birth took place, it did not over-reach the bounds of terra firma, at both ends, and, by its tremendous

weight at the extremities break off in the middle, and each part fly like a comet, into the boundless regions of space ; whilst all creation trembled to the centre by means of the unparalleled shock ! Who knows, but this was the case ; and that the universal deluge was occasioned (were not the Bible history in the way,) by the ponderosity of the *Infant*, when she first saw the light, and burst upon the world in all her glory !

I am perfectly willing, however, that the *Noodles* of "*our Order*" may believe, if they please, with Preston, that creation must step behind it in the lapse of time ; that the earth did not vegetate, that rivers did not run, nor oceans roll, till "*our Order*" set them all in motion ; nay, that Sun, Moon and Stars, did not yield a particle of their light, till they had borrowed it from our three little brazen candle-sticks ! And that, finally, if it had not been for *Free Masonry*, or "*our Order*," chaos would long since have come again ! And whilst I permit the *Noodles* to believe all this ; they must permit me to believe, if I take it into my head to be only half so extravagant as they are, that *Satan*, and not *Solomon of Israel*, is the legitimate father of the institution ; that he laid its foundations, when he rebelled in Heaven ; and performed his first labours, on earth, as *Grand King*, or *Grand High Priest*, when he seduced Eve. I read in some silly oration, or panegyric, on the craft lately—but I cannot recollect exactly when and where, or by whom, it was written or spoken—that Free Masonry had its walks in Paradise : and if so, I am no doubt right in presuming that it walked in the

shape of the *Old Serpent*; and that *Cain* was duly initiated by him, and soon evinced his proficiency by *morganizing* his brother *Abel*! This may be extravagant: granted, but it is much more likely to be the origin of "*our Order*," than Preston's assertion is to be correct, that it commenced before "symmetry began, and harmony displayed her charms!" But as the longer we flounder in this "*Serbonian bog*," in quest of the origin of "*our Order*," the further we are from coming at the dark hole, in which it was brought forth; let us leave it to the Orators, who wallow in the same mire, or soar into the equally dark regions of fog and fiction, at every anniversary of their pretended *Patron Saint*, to settle the question in the best way they can. It is well for them, that so long as it shall remain unsettled, they will have one theme at least upon which to declaim, to the amazement of their simple brethren, who really believe that "*our Order*" is something more than mere moonshine: that they will never develope its origin, is certain, for the best of reasons—that it is either entirely lost in the rubbish of antiquity, or else that it sprang from some disgraceful source, like the cavern of a bandit, the cell of an ancient magician, or the woody covert of some gipsy gang, which shame (if the authors and the justifiers of Morgan's murder, and Miller's abduction, can feel shame) will never permit them to avow!

The two-fold question may now perhaps, be asked—how I came to take four degrees, in such an institution; and why I did not come out before, in the manner I have done for some time past, and now do in this work, against it!

The reader may already have inferred, from what has gone before, my answer to this question—but I shall nevertheless answer it here, truly and frankly, though it may involve the repetition, virtually, of some things before stated in a different way.

The four degrees which I took, I do not hesitate to say, are worse than worthless, in point of useful or ornamental science; and I hold that man's opinion, whoever he may be, in utter contempt, who can pretend to think otherwise: I will add further, my firm belief that the whole system is equally worthless.*

If any man, as indeed any man can, obtain the science and the secrets of *Free Masonry*, at the rate of *Five Dollars* for each step, or degree—and there are at least forty-two degrees, thirty-seven, or more, of which, have grown out of the invention of modern speculators—he will spend, besides his precious time, and other contingencies, **TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS**, before he reaches the top of the ladder: And it is my honest conviction, that when he has reached it, if he meet with a *Jack-Ass* (I mean, in good earnest, a beast with four legs, switch tail and long ears) staring him full in the face, he cannot deny *Jack*, so far as there is any real science in the craft, to be his legitimate *brother*!

When I took the first degree, principally by the aid of **JACHIN** and **BOAZ**, although young, and very destitute of experience in the ways of the world, I felt no small degree of shame—but hoped, nevertheless, that the next step would prove more worthy of a rational being. I tried the next, and felt quite as sheepish, at least, as

*See Appendix, Note 16.

before. I appeal for the truth of this, to the venerable ELISHA DORR, of this city, who was present, and who certainly looked, and I believe felt, as small as I did myself. It would be a gross insult to his native good sense, to suppose that he did not. As a *Christian*, and I am happy to believe, that Mr. DORR is truly such, he cannot and will not deny what I state. He has long since, and having introduced his name, I owe it to him, as an act of justice, to say so, forsaken the temple of Infidelity, for one of higher origin and nobler aim. But to return—I was led to another trial, and still found the Lodge a fit place for a simpleton to learn that there were other simpletons as well as himself: And yet, after all these disappointments, of highly excited expectations, such is the indefinable and the ardent curiosity of youth, and especially the youth of New-England; that I was tempted to take another leap, entirely in the dark. What finally influenced me in this step was, that as I had been instructed out of Jachin and Boaz in the former steps, excepting the lectures from the *Most Worshipful*, which were of mere common place morality and composition; and the *sublime light* of that *revelation* (JACHIN and BOAZ) unveiling no more than what belongs to the first three steps; this afforded my *brother*, the *Paper Stainer*, a fair opportunity to make one more, and the last experiment on my credulity. In the conversation, which took place on this occasion, I reminded him of the line, in his answer to my rhymes at the desk, viz:—

Our craft, is to blind, and bamboozle the herd.

“That,” said he, “was a mere joke, as you well

know." "I am not so certain of that," was my reply, but all in good humour: and finally, he did persuade me, that I had only to climb one more step to have something like a glimpse of the glories of the masonic *Pisgah!* I did so—when, lo! the *Ass* stared me so full in the face, and stood so fairly confessed, long ears and all, in the countenance of every brother, (Mr. *Dorr* was there,) that I turned with disgust and indignation from the *Assinine Conclave*: And never afterwards seriously exercised my mind upon it, until *the abduction of MORGAN and MILLER—the murder of the former—and the setting fire to the printing-office of the latter—*connected, in my mind, with the systematic attempt to put down *The National Observer*, and to destroy my character, by representing me as *insane* and *intemperate**—roused me to a serious view of its unlawful, immoral, blasphemous and horrid obligations, and its dangerous and destructive influence on the liberties of the land. From the night I left the Lodge, thirty years ago at least, to the period of these events, if I ever thought of it at all, in a scientific point of view, it was merely as a piece of contemptible and disgraceful quackery, far, very far, beneath the notice of a rational being: It is true, that I was not without suspicions, that it might, as a **SECRET ASSOCIATION**, become a dangerous political engine in the hands of ambitious and unprincipled men: It had not, to my knowledge, however, committed any *overt act*; and I did not, therefore, consider myself specially called upon, more than any other citizen, or editor, to express my opinion of its me-

* See Appendix, Note 17.

rits or demerits : It would indeed have been madness, or at least the very height of imprudence, in me, or any one else, to have attacked the Institution ; considering the veil of antiquity which sanctioned, and commanded the respect of mankind for it ; the pretended moral and scientific sublimity and grandeur of its mysteries, and avowed principles ; the benevolent objects it *professed* to have in view ; and above all, the want of positive, or powerful presumptive proof against it : But since the atrocious outrages, commenced at Batavia, and consummated at or near Fort Niagara, by the murder of Morgan, *in strict conformity both to the letter and spirit of its laws and obligations* ; I have sought, industriously and perseveringly, for light on its past history, its rise, progress, pretensions and practices ; and I have come to the rational, firm, and irrevocable conclusion, that it ought to be abandoned by every honest man—that the purity and stability of our republican civil and political constitutions, depend upon its total annihilation.

Though not set forth in my Prospectus of this work ; yet before I part with you, my young countrymen, of every condition in life, permit me to call your serious attention to a subject of the deepest importance ; and one which, of all others, deserves to be made the theme of your studies by day and by night.

Whatever individually may be your destiny in life, whether gliding on the placid stream of prosperity, or tost upon the boisterous billows of adversity ; let me earnestly advise you to study diligently the Evidences of Christianity—of that religion, which I have finally been led to embrace as the only sure and unfailing source

of peace in this world, and hope in that which is to come : Let me conjure you to seek the conviction, and never for a moment lose sight of it, that without PIETY TO GOD, MAN, with all the graces and dignity of his person, all the splendour and depth of his intellect, and all the endearing ties that bind him to earth, is but a desolate and miserable being. Love, friendship, consanguinity, and affection, those grand ties of social existence, serve but to embitter our minds in the hour of calamity, if we cannot look to GOD, as the Eternal source of all our hopes, to soothe our agonies, and to calm our fears. While, therefore, the impious man, has no resting place to sustain him against the shock of misfortune, and the flood of wo ; with what confidence and consolation, can he who cherishes piety as the sheet-anchor of the soul, appeal to his everlasting Father, when smarting under the rod of affliction. *Though, says the Psalmist, I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me ; thou shalt stretch forth thy hand against the wrath of my enemies, and thy right hand shall save me.*

If on this subject I am earnest, believe me, it is because I feel deeply its importance to your temporal and eternal happiness : And I do, I assure you seriously, feel it the more deeply, because, when in early life, and destitute of experience, I was led into a Masonic Lodge, the man, who led me there, led me, at the same time, to embrace those principles of Infidelity, which I now consider the bane of my life ; and of which, therefore, I feel anxious to preserve you from becoming the dupes and the victims. To that day I had cherished the principles, so

far as I could understand them, and the feelings, to their full extent, of a Christian. My revered parents had infused into my young mind the spirit of religion, and piety which animated theirs; and the eloquence of a **MAXCY**, one of the most amiable and exalted of his species, had rivetted my religious affections to the Baptist Society. The happiest hours of my life had been spent in worshipping my Creator at the humble and modest, but truly devotional altars of that worthy and pious people, and mingling with them in their religious conferences. It was a sudden and unexpected departure from my native state, that alone prevented me from becoming a communicant of that church. But when I came to Albany, I had been, excepting a short interval, traversing the ocean for several years, in the humble capacity of a common seaman; and here I found no Baptist Society, with whom to renew my former religious communion. I became acquainted with my masonic preceptor—he was well qualified to obtain an influence over a young man, such as I then was; and from the moment he did obtain it, he began to poison my mind with insinuations against the Christian Revelation; nor did he relax in his efforts until he had the satisfaction of finding me as confirmed an Infidel as himself; and my belief is that one half, at least, if not more, of the young men who are seduced into *Free Masonry*, have their minds imbued at the same time with the poison of Infidelity. Led on by my evil genius, as I now firmly believe that man to have been, I suffered my mind to become enslaved by the seductive and pernicious authors of the Infidel school. I sought for and read,

with avidity, Bolingbroke, Shaftsbury, Hume, and several others of the British Infidel leaders; and with the same zest and eagerness I devoured the works of Frederick the Great, of Prussia, (if he can be called great, who rejects the purest religion, that ever visited the earth, and reduces its Divine Author to the level of a Heathen or a Pagan Philosopher)—Voltaire, D'Alembert, Boulanger, and other French authors, together with Thomas Paine's *Age of Reason*, and Ethan Allen's crude, ill-digested, and flimsy *Oracles*. For many years, involved in pleasure, business, and political pursuits, I yielded to the falsehood and sophistry of these delusive and demoralising works; and that, too, without ever making the least attempt (excepting on one occasion, and then without proper effect) to examine the other side of the question. In the same manner that I never thought seriously of *Free Masonry* as a great evil, till she showed her cloven foot so clearly in the murder of Morgan; so I never was led clearly, and without doubt, to see Christianity as not only a great, but the greatest of all good, till the occurrence of a singular event in my life, or rather Providential circumstance (as I consider it) which happened to me in crossing the Schaharic Mountain, which I did several times between August, 1826, and April, 1827. The circumstance, above alluded to, led me to a serious and laborious inquiry into the necessity or utility, the truth or falsehood, of Christianity, in every important point of view.

My first object was, and this was suggested not only by the event which occurred on the mountain, but by other occurrences that I had

met with in the course of my several tours, and which need not be detailed here; to enquire into the capacity of mankind, to preserve free and equal government, or any government at all, founded on wisdom, justice and equity, without the influence of religion. I was soon satisfied that no government would last for any length of time, unless fortified in the minds of the people, by this essential pillar of human society :* to come to this conclusion, it is only necessary to examine the history, so far as we have it, of those tribes or nations, who, destitute of the gospel, have been left to the dim light of Nature alone for their guidance; and to observe the barbarous rites, the inhuman customs, and the spirit of anarchy and confusion that ever controuls their destinies, and frequently totally destroys them. Where they are destitute of all religion, of which there are but one or two known and solitary examples, they are cannibals, and devour each other; where they have some crude notions of natural religion, though not cannibals, they are still barbarous and savage; where Natural Religion has been best understood, it has still been mingled with superstition, idolatry and corruption; and where the pretended *Revelation* of the *Arabian Impostor* has prevailed, superstition and corruption have likewise been its handmaids. It is only where the *real Sun of Righteousness*, the *Christian Revelation*, has shed its beams, that truth is to be found, unmixed with error.

My next step was, to compare, with diligence, the Christian Religion, with the several other systems that now exist, or have existed in times

* See Appendix, Note 18.

past ; and the result was, that I found *Christianity* towering far above them all in its sublime morality, and divine attributes. Whoever will study the religious creed, if it can be called such, and the maxims of CONFUCIUS—the wild and fantastical speculations of PYTHAGORAS ; the barbarous superstitions in religion, and the crude moral systems of Greece and Rome—take even their best productions, such as the works of SOCRATES and of PLATO, of SENECA and of CICERO—to say nothing of a score of others, like Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, and their equals or inferiors—and then come down to the Alcoran of Mahomet—whoever, I say, shall pursue this course, will be satisfied, that over all these barbarous superstitions, and ill-digested moral codes, the Gospel of our Redeemer triumphs in all the majesty of truth, and all the dignity and sublimity of sound moral and theological science.

My last step was, to investigate seriously, and as thoroughly as possible, the truth or falsehood of *Christianity* as a *Revelation* : And on this branch of the subject, I was really surprised, I affirm it with the utmost sincerity, to find a mass of evidence in its favor, of the existence of which I had never before so much as dreamed. The result was, that at almost every step of the process, my doubts were shaken ; and my scepticism kept yielding to the force of truth and argument, the irresistible light of conviction, until I found, when I had finished the course of study, marked out by my own judgment, that all my doubts had vanished ; and my faith in Jesus, of *Nazareth*, as the Son of God, and the Divine Missionary of his Father for the redemption of our fallen race, was fully confirmed.

I do not mean to be understood, that the particular event which led me into the above-mentioned enquiry, had in it any thing either supernatural or miraculous; but it was one of those remarkable or Providential occurrences, of which every man of observation, who has lived long and seen much, must recollect to have met with something like it, in the course of his own life, and which has given an entirely new turn or direction to his thoughts upon some important subject or other. In the case alluded to, my mind received a sudden impulse, which led me not only into the first and second train of inquiry and comparative process, above stated; but to read carefully, in connection with the Bible, and to compare with their adversaries, whom I had formerly read, the following works, viz: Pridaux's Connections of Sacred and Profane History—the Chevalier Ramsay's inimitable work on Natural and Revealed Religion—Butler's Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature—Michaelis's invaluable Commentaries on the Laws of Moses—Leland's View of the Deistical Writers—Berkeley's Minute Philosopher—Forbes's Thoughts Concerning Religion; his Letter to a Bishop, and his Reflections on Incredulity—Watson's Apology for Christianity—(in which he so completely refuted, and humbled one of the great Apostles of the Infidel School, the ingenious and eloquent Gibbon, so much so that Mr. Gibbon fairly fled from the controversy)—Campbell's Reply to Hume's Essay on Miracles—(I had read the Essay twice nearly thirty years ago, without ever, till the last year, taking the pains to read the reply)—

The History of the Cosmogony of the Creation; and Biographical and Historical Sketches of Moses, David and Jesus Christ, scattered in the 1st, 4th, and 10th volumes of *The Universal History*, written mostly by that once eccentric, always profound, and finally pious and irreproachable *Psalmanazer*—the articles in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, relating to the subject of Theology, and more especially to Christ and his Divine System—Campbell's Four Gospels with Preliminary Dissertations, and Notes Critical and Explanatory—Addison's brief work, entitled *Of the Christian Religion*—Paley's Natural Theology, and his Evidences of Christianity—Chalmers's Evidence and Authority of the Christian Revelation—Nine Essays on several of the most important topics of Christianity, which are scattered in the 1st, 3d, and 4th volumes of a London Periodical work, entitled, *The Observer*, and last, though not least, in point of importance and ability, Sherlock's Trial of the Witnesses of the Resurrection of Jesus.*

In this course of reading, there are several small works, which I am surprised are not published by our tract societies, instead of many weak and inefficient essays which they distribute. I do not mean to insinuate a want of judgment on their part, but merely a participation in a common error; for it has been too long an axiom with statesmen, politicians, and all manner of teachers and preachers, that the multitude require to be fed with the pap-spoons of religion, literature and science: but those who so judge, confound inanity or imbecility of

*See Appendix, Note 19.

mind, which is not common, with ignorance; or want of information, which unfortunately is too common. I have found in the most benighted common sailor; in the rudest and most illiterate German of Schoharie; and in the most vulgar and ignorant yankee of Otsego; native intellect equal to that of a Rittenhouse, or a Franklin; and such instances are far more numerous, than is imagined by those, who, secluded in colleges, academies, and otherwise, converse mostly with books, and mingle but little, if any, with the mass of mankind. On the other hand, inanity or imbecility of mind, is not often met with. The truth is, if we would make good and useful men of children, we should treat them as rational and immortal beings from the moment they begin to lisp a syllable: banishing all frivolous prattle and nonsense from our intercourse with them, and all brutal force, such as scourging and beating—for in his recommendation of the rod, I cannot agree with my ancient namesake, great as he was—we should use only sound reason, truth, and mild persuasion. I hardly know in which respect our Saviour appears the most amiable and interesting; whether when he says—*Suffer little children to come unto me*—or when he invites *all who labour and are heavy laden* to find rest to their souls in the consolations of his divine mission: If, then, we should thus deal with children; so, on the other hand, to make wise or, well-informed men, of ignorant ones, we should follow the same rational and manly course, and furnish them with important facts, and conclusive arguments, instead of simple stories, whether fictions or not, of pious dairy

maids, and penitent Magdalenes: it was not thus that Paul accosted the benighted and the ignorant, to whom he carried the glad tidings of salvation; on the contrary all he said, was serious, sensible, bold, energetic. Quintilian is often quoted as having said, that the unpolished human mind is like marble in the quarry; but he forgot, in making the comparison, that there is soft as well as hard marble, and whilst the latter will bear polishing, the former will not. The darkness of the human intellect may be illumined, but its weakness cannot be strengthened. Imbecility, therefore, will ever remain imbecility. "The Ethiop cannot change his skin, nor the Leopard his spots:" but the mind of the one, if not like the soft marble, may be polished and improved; and so may the fierceness of the other be tamed, at least so far as to know the hand that feeds it. With such works as Watson's Apology for Christianity—his Apology for the Bible—the small work of Chalmers—and that of Sherlock, in their hands—I should not, in the least, fear to risk the controversy between Christianity and Infidelity, on the effect of these works alone upon the native good sense of our countrymen in general; and that, too, without going back to the pages of Tacitus, an opponent, to prove the existence—or to those of the early and orthodox Fathers, like Barnabas and Clement, for testimony nearly collateral—or to the writings of the Evangelists themselves for intrinsic evidence—of CHRIST, and of whence he came, and of what he performed for the glory of his Eternal Father, and the benefit and the gratitude of the human race. The work of Chalmers is, of itself, conclusive—and well it may be—for

although he commenced it with his mind clouded by skepticism ; yet so sure is truth to prevail, when it does come fairly in contact with minds capable of receiving it, that before he finished his work, the light burst upon him in all its divine splendor, and with such irresistible force, that his mind, his heart, all his nobler thoughts, feelings and affections, became firmly rivetted in the faith and the love of the Lord Jesus. No wonder, then, that the conviction which struck so deeply into his own mind, he imparts to the mind of his reader with equally irresistible power ; for it is when mind meets mind, and heart meets heart, upon any subject, that the triumph of truth is as sure and unfailling, as the everlasting streams that fructify the earth, and sustain the animal powers of creation.

I am well aware, that my old infidel friends may sneer at all this ; and that my old and inveterate political, as well as new and malignant masonic enemies, will no doubt join them. The mean and dastardly persecution, slander and abuse, that I have been, for many years, subjected to from old political foes, as well as some old, pretended and insidious friends ; together with the disappointment, which my quondam brethren, in infidelity, will experience, on reading this work ; all concur to admonish me of what I may, and most probably shall, have to encounter : but neither their sneers, nor their jeers, will affect me in the least, in any other way than to give me real pleasure. Fortified, as I am, in my own conscience—standing, as I know that I do, in this work, and as I mean to do in all cases, on the one hand upon the ark of virtue, and of constitutional freedom ; and on

the other upon *the Rock of Ages*—the more enemies I may have, the more shall I rejoice; for the more good shall I know, by this sign alone, that I am doing. If in this cause of civil liberty, and celestial religion, my humble talents shall be instrumental in saving from the grasp of a dark and secret combination, the constitutions of my country, and of turning her youth, or any portion of them, from the paths of vice and of folly, to those of wisdom and of virtue; then shall I exult, as did good old Simeon, in the day of our Lord; and shall thus receive more than a hundred fold compensation for the venomous and malignant hostility and abuse of ten thousand enemies: For, show me a man without numerous enemies, and I will show you one, who whatever may be the amiable traits of his character, never did any great, or lasting and permanent good to society or mankind. So long as a man glides smoothly and silently along, in the corrupted currents of the world; and if he do not in mind and in heart mingle with them; neither does he attempt to check their course, or turn them into purer channels; so long will he be permitted to remain without being made a mark to be shot at by the arrows of calumny and detraction: nay more, he will be called “a nice man,” “a wonderful clever man,” by all the *Noodles*, male and female, in society; tipplers will toast him in bar-rooms; gossips will mingle his praises with their hyson, or souchong beverage; misers will applaud his economy, because it resembles their own; fools will cry up his wisdom for the same reason; and if a candidate for office, they will flock to the polls and vote for him; whilst at home his trembling slaves, and

His looking-glass, will make him believe, that he is the *factotum* of the town or state, the very deity of the day ! and all this, too, when, in all probability, he never performed a solitary noble, generous or charitable act in his life, and is wholly incapable of performing one: On the other hand, no man ever yet boldly and honestly wielded his pen, or raised his voice, against error, crime, and corruption, without being reviled and persecuted by the mean, the envious and the unprincipled—for an honest, manly and magnanimous foe will never stoop to any of these means. But be all this as it may—as a patriot, and a real friend to the republican constitutions and liberties of my country, much less as a disciple of Christ, I should be a poor creature, a miserable tool indeed, if my mind were to be disturbed, for a moment, by the sneers or the jeers, the clamours or the calumnies, of my personal enemies, or those of the sacred cause in which I am engaged: on the contrary, I pity their weakness—detest their meanness—defy their malice—and laugh at their calumny. I boldly challenge them to fix on my character, by the shadow of proof, by any other than gossip, tattle and malignant slander, a single wilfully base or dishonourable act, in the whole course of my life; since if I have been an Infidel, I have never condescended to degrade my mind, or my person, in habitual vicious pursuits of any kind; for it must be recollected, that honest Infidels have their Socratic and Platonic, their Ciceronian and Aurelian, if not their Evangelical Piety: let my enemies, then, do their worst: I fear not but there will come a day, when I shall triumph.

*9.

over them all, in the eye of HIM, whose favor and good will are alone worth seeking, and without which, all else may be deemed as dross, dregs, and everlasting damnation. As to my old infidel friends, with many of whom I have long corresponded in various parts of the state and the union, I know some of them to possess sound heads and honest hearts; and all I ask of these, or any of them, is to sit down, and seriously and deliberately to go through the course of study, which I have pointed out and pursued, adding to it only *Lardner's* profound and extensive enquiry into the credibility of the gospels, and preserving their minds, at the same time, unshackled, uninfluenced by former prejudices. They owe this to themselves, as well as to the cause of truth; for it is, I am satisfied from my extensive acquaintance with infidels, not so much from the rottenness of their hearts, or the weakness of their heads, as from a total neglect to examine both sides of the question, that they reject revelation. I know very many indeed of them, who have never taken the trouble to examine the BIBLE seriously; and much less to study any of its able commentators and vindicators; but they have read Bolingbroke, and Hume, and Voltaire, and swallowed their misrepresentations and sophistry; relying, as I once did myself, with implicit confidence upon their premises, and conclusions, when the first are often false, and the latter invariably so, or at best not fairly flowing from the former. Campbell has exposed and refuted Hume in a masterly manner, showing him to be, though cool and subtle; yet contradictory, inconsistent, and unsubstantial: in fact, with all the cool subtlety

and profundity of Hume, he cannot conceal the cloven-foot of the sophist; and this, on a late reading, I clearly perceived; although when quite young, I swallowed all he says with the avidity of a gourmand: these are the contrary effects that flow from reading with our feelings and prejudices in favour of our author, or, on the contrary, with our judgment in full command of our feelings and prejudices, and prepared to decide correctly. As to Bolingbroke, he is full of declamation, without argument—and Voltaire, from the beginning to the end of all that he has written on the subject, is scarcely any thing more than a continued series of wit and sarcasm, sparkling and pungent; but in every sense of the word, a perversion of his text, and of the truth. “A little philosophy,” says Lord Bacon, “inclines us to Atheism, and a great deal of philosophy carries us back to religion.” The former clause of this proposition applies with full force to the infidel writers above mentioned; as the latter does to their able opponents: All, therefore, I repeat it, that is necessary to the triumph of Christianity over Infidelity, in the mind of any sensible man, who is seriously and earnestly seeking for the truth, is to pursue the same investigation that I have pursued, uninfluenced and unshackled by prejudice. When I sat down to it, I endeavored to divest myself of every bias; and to commence the work as though I had just fallen from the clouds, and had never heard of the subject, or mingled in the tumults and perplexities, or the selfish and sensual currents of the world: in this pursuit, and in this spirit, I spent at least four of the last fourteen months: And let my

honest old friends in the walks of Infidelity, do this; and I fear not the complete triumph, in their minds, of the pure, divine, and heart-felt doctrines of *JESUS of Nazareth*, over the corrupt, earthly, cold and heartless speculations of that Infidel School, to which I have been by far too long attached, and which has done so much to unhinge the moral order of the world, and to plunge it into confusion and destruction.

The Infidel, my young countrymen, will tell you of the arts of *Priestcraft*, and the abuses to which *Christianity* has been subjected by the frailty of human passions and human reason: but let not such insinuations, such sophistry, deter you from a thorough examination for yourselves. If liable to be punished hereafter for your Infidelity, and its immoral or sinful consequences in your practice; you cannot plead, before your Eternal Judge, that you violated his holy laws, and rejected his holy name, because you had seen or heard of such a thing as *Priestcraft*: Nor can you get off with the plea, that because bad men, in bad times, whether Princes, Priests, or common Laymen, abused and perverted a system, which in itself is not only of Divine Origin, but of unmixed, and unsullied, and divine purity; you, therefore, imbibed false opinions, without taking the trouble to examine for yourselves, whether the abuses *were in and not of* the system. In this work, I have proved, that the murder of MORGAN flowed not from *the ABUSE of Free Masonry*, but from *the actual laws and obligations, imposed by the system*; hence it is, that the system is so dangerous and destructive to liberty and religion: Not so with the abuses of *Christianity*, of which infidels make a handle: I fear-

lessly challenge the whole host of them; to show a precept, a rule, or a law of Christianity, which does not carry on its face the mark of purity and of truth, the stamp of Divinity. Recollect, that *Priests*, as clergymen are denominated in common parlance, are but men of like passions and infirmities with yourselves; and although chosen to administer the word, do not always live up to the word: but this should be no stumbling-block in the way of your faith or your practice; your own reason must be your guide; and in no law, human or divine, without destroying all law, can the faults or crimes of one delinquent, be plead in mitigation, much less in justification, by another. Rely upon it, that as the clerical character cannot be plead either in justification or mitigation of clerical delinquency; much less can it shield your default in the day of judgment: on the contrary, the clergyman who violates his duty, is a two-fold transgressor, and exposed, if possible, to double damnation. I cannot conceive of a fiend in hell more wicked, than the man who takes upon himself the sacred duties of the altar, under the impression—without which he has no business there—that he is called to the work by Divine Providence; and still wilfully pollutes his heart and his hands in the vanities, crimes and corruptions of the world. Be assured, then, that in this case, the most important and awful that we can, any of us, ever be involved in, every soul must stand or fall on its own merits or demerits; and as it shall have found, or lost, an interest in the atoning merit and mediation of the Redeemer.

Commence this investigation, then, I beseech you, without pinning your faith upon any man's

sleeve, or without attempting, in the first place, to establish any sectarian principle. Having satisfied myself of the abstract truth, as it is in Jesus, I am now engaged in studying the principles of the various sects; and have begun with *Calvin's Institutes*. I should have preferred to have commenced with the Fathers, and later champions of the Catholic church, could I have procured them here conveniently: I shall, however, procure them—and I shall, with steady labor, and an unbiassed mind, pursue the subject, until I become thoroughly conversant with the several creeds, which have prevailed, or are now prevalent, and the shades of difference which distinguish them; finally testing the whole, with all the judgment I can bring to the task, by the writings of the Evangelists: and I shall, if my life be spared, leave, as a legacy to my children, in the hope that they may profit by it, the result of the investigation, connected with the conclusions I have already formed. But as to you, my young countrymen, the plain and simple question to be solved, in the first place, is—*Do the Gospels contain a faithful history of the lives and acts of Christ and his Apostles?* Satisfy your minds upon this all-important point, and your hearts, as well as your heads, will finally do the rest. Sectarian cavils, and the sophistical commentaries of infidel writers, may have blurred the beauty, and impaired the majesty of the DIVINE ORACLES; but wisdom is nevertheless justified of her children: And whoever will go to the Bible itself, and study it in the spirit of candour and integrity, “rightly dividing the word;” that is, separating, with judgment, the historical and the allegorical, from the poetical and pro-

phetical; the legal from the moral; the literal from the metaphorical; and the formal from the spiritual; making due allowances, at the same time, in the moral, historical, and legal portions, for the difference, between those times and the present, in education, manners, habits, ideas of civil and political government and jurisprudence, soil, climate, and population; for all these things must have been embraced in the Divine Wisdom and Economy, as revealed to Moses, and the Prophets and Patriarchs; and afterwards, through our Saviour and his Apostles: Whoever, depend upon it, may do all this understandingly, will rise from the holy labour, satisfied, that the Bible is not only the word of God; but will, I trust, be made to feel, and to acknowledge, *that it is the power of God unto salvation.*

And now, my young countrymen, let me once more, before I close this work, impress upon you the solemn advice of a man, who has seen much of the world, and knows full well all the snares and dangers to which you will be exposed. Let me conjure you, then, shunning the paths of folly, and of guilty pleasure, to embrace RELIGION early, as the only sure and substantial foundation, on which to rest all your hopes of temporal and eternal happiness. Shun, I entreat you, the walks of the Infidel, and be not deluded by his sophistry, let his wisdom, or his virtues, be what they may. "*Curse on his virtues,*" said a Roman patriot, speaking of a usurper, "*they have undone his country!*" The more virtue there is, in a wrong-headed man, the more mischief may he do to society. It is the gilded pill that is the easiest and the readiest swallowed. Vain ~~men~~

may deny the Bible, and weak men may follow them; but that sacred volume is the enduring Fount of Eternal Wisdom. Those who reject it, may pretend to vast profundity of thought, and to see clearly, that there is no future state of rewards and punishments: but believe me, such doctrines are not new; they have often been advanced, and as often put down, by the good sense and virtue of mankind, as well as by the soundest logic, on the part of those sages, who have victoriously maintained the doctrines of the Cross. If there be any blessing of life, more than another, for which any man may have especially to thank his God, it must be, that his mind has become settled upon this all-important subject: that he has been brought to see clearly, that man is accountable in another world for the deeds done in the body here; that his soul is immortal.

Deny to man a future state of existence, and how much is he degraded! He possesses faculties that elevate him above all the other animals is the creation. Compared with the reptile, he is like a God; and with the Lion, the Elephant, or the Mammoth, he still soars an Angel in the superiority of his powers. But deprived of immortal hope, he is reduced to the level of the lowest of the animal tribes. He comes into existence with intellectual endowments of the highest grade; he enters upon a theatre where countless objects present themselves to improve his faculties, or be improved by their exercise. He enters on the career of improvement. He finishes some plans, and he commences others, which he does not stay to accomplish. He erects houses, which he does not remain to inhabit.

He builds ships, and leaves them to be navigated by others. He plants trees, that others may enjoy their fruits. He sows fields, that others may reap their harvest. He quits forever his native soil, or shores; migrates over mountains, apparently inaccessible, and never before trod by human footsteps, or across trackless oceans, to distant and dreary climes; clears off the wilderness, cultivates new fields; builds up new cities; forms new constitutions and laws, religious, civil and political; and leaves them all for the enjoyment and the government of after-ages. He forms the strongest and the tenderest of all ties and connexions, which he knows must be severed in this life: And he conquers science, and climbs the rugged steeps that lead to fame, but to be conquered himself by death, and be cast down to perish forever!

Such is the condition of man, if the cold speculations of the atheist and the infidel be founded in truth: but it cannot be! The God of Nature has not endowed him with all his extraordinary and sublime powers; has not made him so far above all other animals, and so little below the Angels, that he should perish like a mole, or a caterpillar, and be known no more among created intelligence. No!—no!—by all the perfections of his animal frame and faculties—by all the sensibilities of his heart—by all the graces of his mind—by all the fire of his genius—by all the sublimity of his conceptions—by all the benign and glorious fruits of his intellect, and by all the mighty works of his hands; he was not, he could not have been created, to perish in everlasting oblivion, and

be banished forever from the scenes of intellectual enjoyment, and the presence of his God!

I shall now, my young countrymen, take my leave of you, perhaps for ever: And certain it is, that I can never again address you on subjects of more importance to your happiness, both here and hereafter, than those which this work embraces. Come what will of me: whether I am destined to fall by the hand of some vulgar and midnight assassin, as has been threatened;* or to die on the bed of peace, surrounded by dear connexions and valued friends—I thank my God, in the utmost sincerity of my soul, that he has spared me to draw this portrait of a corrupt and degenerate ORDER—an ORDER—(if there can for a moment be such a thing as an *Order* in a republican government)—whose schemes are as dark as those of the disciples of Loyola, and whose discipline is as despotic and dangerous as that of the Inquisition: And solemnly to warn you, who must at no distant day become the props of your country's existence, the defenders of her soil, the vindicators of her rights, the authors and conservators of her laws, and the proud pillars of her glory; to beware, as you would of the most deadly poison, of coming within the pale of its licentious mysteries, its unhallowed orgies, and its blasphemous rites. Too long, by far too long, has it already polluted the sacred soil of liberty: too long already has it darkly controuled the ballot of the unsuspecting freeman, and paralyzed the right of election†—too long has it stained the purity of the ermine, and defiled the sanctity of the altar—too long has it corrupted legislation and perver-

* See Appendix, Note 20.

† See Appendix, Note 21.

ted justice—too long has it made the Jury Box the sink of partiality and favoritism ; and the stand of the witness the source of perjury, and the protection of fraud and villany—too long has it been permitted to redeem felons from the State Prison, before they had half expiated their crimes ; and to rob the gallows and the gibbet of their honest dues :—**MORALITY, PATRIOTISM, LIBERTY and RELIGION** ; the holy laws it has violated, and the domestic, civil and political ties it has severed ; the promising young men it has lured to destruction, and the heart broken parents, whose *grey hairs it has brought with sorrow to the grave* ; the husbands it has alienated from their wives, and the wives it has robbed of the society and protection of their husbands ; the widows and the orphans it has plunged into misery, and the blood of the martyrs it has slain ; **ALL CRY ALOUD, IN ONE UNITED VOICE, TO THE GOD OF ETERNAL JUSTICE, FOR ITS TOTAL EXTIRPATION FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH !**

ALBANY, Dec. 8th, 1827.

APPENDIX.



NOTE I.

The spirit of Job was in a right tune, when he said—*Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil.* Job ii. 10.

And so of the Psalmist, when he said—*It is good for me, that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes; the law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver.* Ps. cxix. 71, 72.

Before I was afflicted, I went astray, but now I have kept thy word.—Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me. Ps. 67, 75.

Blessed is the man, whom thou chastenest, O Lord; and teacheth him out of thy law. Ps. xccv. 12.

Prosperity, says LORD BACON, is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favor: yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job, than the felicities of Solomon.

NOTE II.

The following Proclamation, was issued by the Governor, agreeably to its date, for the discovery of the truth in Morgan's case:—

PROCLAMATION,—*By De Witt Clinton, Governor of the State of N. York.*

Whereas the measures adopted for the discovery of WILLIAM MORGAN, after his unlawful abduction from Canandaigua in September last, have not been attended with success; and whereas many of the good citizens of this State are under an impression, from the lapse of time and other circumstances, that he has been murdered: Now therefore, to the end that, if he be living, he may be restored to his family, and, if murdered, that the perpetrators may be brought to condign punishment; I have thought fit to issue this proclamation, promising a reward of ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS for the discovery of the said William Morgan, if alive: and, if murdered, a reward of TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS for the discovery of the offender or offenders, to be paid on conviction and on the certificate of the Attorney General, or officer prosecuting on the part of the State, that the person or persons claiming the said last mentioned reward is or are justly entitled to the same under this proclamation. And I further promise a free pardon, so far as I am authorised under the constitution of this State, to any accomplice or co-operator who shall make a full discovery of the offender or offend-

ders. And I do enjoin it upon all officers and ministers of justice, and all other persons, to be vigilant and active in bringing to justice the perpetrators of a crime so abhorrent to humanity, and so derogatory from the ascendancy of law and good order.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and the Privy Seal [L s] at the city of Albany, this 19th day of March, Anno Domini 1827.
DE WITT CLINTON.

Previous to issuing the preceding Proclamation, the Governor had issued two others, one dated on the 7th of October, 1826; and the other on the 26th day of the same month; predicated, not on the presumption that Morgan had been murdered; but that he had been unlawfully seized and conveyed away; which Proclamations were issued in consequence of a communication, either in the same, or similar language, to the one which follows, and from the same source:—I copy it from *Col. Miller's Republican Advocate*, published at *Batavia*—a paper which deserves the patronage of every honest man in the United States:—

TO THE PUBLIC.—On the 11th of September, William Morgan, a native of Virginia, who had for about three years past resided in this village, was, under pretext of a Justice's Warrant, hurried from his home and family, and carried to Canandaigua. The same night he was examined, on a charge of Petit Larceny, and discharged by the justice. One of the persons who took him away, immediately obtained a warrant against him, in a civil suit; for an alleged debt of two dollars on which he was committed to the Jail of Ontario county. On the night of the 12th September, he was released by a person pretending to be his friend, but directly in front of the jail, notwithstanding his cries of *Murder*, he was gagged and secured, and put into a carriage, and after travelling all night, he was left (as the driver of the carriage says) at Hanford's Landing, about sunrise on the 13th, since which he has not been heard of. His distressed wife and two infant children, are left dependant on Charity for their sustenance. The circumstances of the transaction have given rise to the most violent fears that he has been murdered. It is however hoped by his wife and friends, that he may be now kept concealed and imprisoned in Canada. All persons who are willing to serve the cause of humanity, and assist to remove the distressing apprehensions of his unfortunate wife, are earnestly requested to communicate to one of the Committee named below, directed to this place, any facts or circumstances which have come to their knowledge, and are calculated to lead to the discovery of his present situation, or the particulars of his fate, if he has been murdered—*Batavia*, October 4, 1826.

Committee.—T. F. Talbot, D. E. Evans, T. Cary, Wm. Keyes, Wm. Davis, John Lay, T. Fitch, L. D. Prindle, E. Southworth, J. P. Smith.

A short time after the preceding appeal to the public, meetings of the people were held in the several counties of Genesee, Ontario, Monroe and Niagara, as stated in my letter to Messrs. Gales and Seaton; at which committees were appointed, who went, as I have stated in that letter, into as thorough an investigation, as possible; and their Report is perfectly conclusive, as to the fact of Morgan's abduction and murder, by the masonic agents of the masonic fraternity, in conformity to Masonic Law, in such cases. The following is the closing Paragraph of their Narrative, with their signatures affixed—and also the Postscript to the said Narrative:—

REMARKS.—We now have laid before our fellow citizens the detail, or report, which has been so often called for. If it has not been as inter-

esting as they have been led to expect, they must remember that we did not undertake to gratify curiosity, or give our own speculations. We have given, as we promised, "A Narrative of facts and circumstances," relating to transactions which have excited the earnest attention of the community. Those facts and circumstances are evinced by the depositions of credible witnesses, or vouched for by distinct allegations (most of them in writing) of men, entitled to our entire confidence for veracity and integrity, to whom we can resort for legal proof, if called for. Whether the conclusions which we have drawn are the legitimate results of these facts and circumstances, our readers must of course decide for themselves. Let them recollect that our exertions (which have not been feeble ones) to trace Morgan beyond Fort Niagara have been unavailing—that the pecuniary reward offered by the Governor of the state of New-York, and Governor of Upper Canada, have not elicited the slightest information on the subject—that the Governor's offer of pardon, promised in his proclamation at our request, has produced no effect—that no attempt has been made, that we know of, by those so directly implicated to explain or deny the extraordinary conduct and occurrences which have fastened such strong and well founded suspicions upon them—that they have thus long set public opinion at defiance, and relinquished their claim to the good opinion of their fellow citizens without a struggle to retain it—that five of them have absconded, viz:—James Gillis, Joseph Scofield, Burrage Smith, John Whitney, and Richard Howard—that others have absented themselves from their families, and the state, and continue absent with a full knowledge of the suspicions which rest upon them—that many of the witnesses have suddenly disappeared, and cannot be traced—that two of those who were called as witnesses before the Grand Jury of Monroe county, at Rochester, to wit. Edward Doyle, merchant, and Simeon B. Jewet, attorney at law, refused to testify, because, as they alleged, *they could not do so truly without criminating themselves*—that others have related stories on oath, which are utterly incredible—and what inference can be drawn from all this, but that Morgan has been murdered, and that great numbers of men, heretofore respectable, have been accessaries to his murder. Whether ALL who were concerned in his kidnapping have been accessaries, or consented to his death, we undertake not to decide: But, whatever were the *original designs or motives* of those who were concerned in his disappearance, all of them who have not fully, frankly and promptly explained the part they are known to have performed, have we think, no right to complain if their fellow citizens in general regard them as accessaries to the murder of William Morgan, and shall hereafter treat them accordingly.

COMMITTEES.

Genesee County.—T. F. Talbot, Trumbull Cary, Timothy Fitch, James P. Smith, Lyman D. Prindle, Eleazer Southworth, William Keys, Jonathan Lay, Wm. Davis, Hinman Holden.

Rochester Committee.—Josiah Bissell, Jr. F. F. Backus, Heman Norton, Frederick Whitflesey, Thurlow Weed, Samuel Works.

Victor Committee.—Samuel Rawson, Elijah Sedgewick, Samuel Ewing, Nathan Jenks, James M. Wheeler, Thomas Wright, John Sergeant.

Chili Committee.—Isaac Lacy, William Pixley, Benjamin Bowen, Samuel Lacy.

Wheatland Committee.—John Garbutt, Truman Edson, Clark Hall.

Bloomfield Committee.—Ralph Wilcox, Heman Chapin, Bani Bradley, Josiah Porter, Orson Benjamin, Jonathan Bush.

Lewiston Committee.—Bates Cooke, John Phillips.

Now read attentively the following POSTSCRIPT to the Narrative from which the preceding extract is made, and you will be satisfied that Morgan was murdered at, or near Fort Niagara, by the dastardly miscreants who had him in keeping.

POSTSCRIPT.—We have long expected to receive a statement or deposition, from an eye witness, which, we had good reason to suppose, would put an end to all conjectures, as to the course that had been pursued in disposing of William Morgan after his arrival at Fort Niagara. After the Narrative had been put to press we received the following statement, made to two members of one of the committees by a credible witness, a man of good character and standing, a Royal Arch Mason, as from his own knowledge, but who has as yet declined giving his deposition, because he has been called upon as a witness and expects to testify in court his knowledge of the matter. The statement is as follows:—

“After Morgan left the carriage at the grave yard, he was taken to the bottom of the hill at the Fort. The ferryman was called up by those who had charge of him. Here Morgan received some water, which he had called for in front of Col. King’s at Youngstown. When taken to the boat he was supported by two men: he was pinioned and hoodwinked: he was placed in a boat and carried to the Canada shore. On reaching that shore two of the keepers left the boat—Morgan and two others remained on the beach, while they (i. e. the two first) went into town. Those who were left with the boat were directed to leave the shore in the boat, if any person should approach it, without giving a signal which had been agreed upon. There was, however, no intrusion. The two who had gone into the town returned, after an absence which might have been one and an half or two hours. The time of their absence seemed long to the informant, who waited with the boat. Two other persons came to the shore with them on their return: they came near the boat, and held a consultation in a low tone of voice, which the informant did not hear: when it broke up all who had crossed from the United States’ shore returned in the boat to the Fort. Morgan, as before, was supported from the shore by two men, taken into the Fort, and put into the Magazine. This place had been fixed upon one or two days previous, as one where Morgan could be lodged in case of necessity. This took place in the morning of the fourteenth of September.

“During that day Morgan made much noise, and in the course of the day two messengers were sent to Lewiston, where a Chapter was that day installed, to procure aid to silence the noise. Some persons came down to the Fort from Lewiston, and produced stillness. On the evening of the 14th of September, twenty or thirty persons came to the Fort in the steam boat, or otherwise, all of whom soon disappeared, excepting about eleven: after a time several of those last went away.

“During the night several persons were together in the vicinity of the Fort, among whom the fate or disposition of Morgan was discussed. This discussion ended some time after midnight, and nothing was decided upon. The next evening a small number debated the same subject with great animation, but came to no decision. Morgan was still in the Magazine on the seventeenth, when our informant left the place, and did not return until the twenty-first day of the same month, when he found that Morgan had been disposed of. Those who had Morgan in their custody, when he left the place, gave him, on his return, to understand that Morgan had been put to death. That the interior of the Magazine was put in order, and, as our informant was told, had been examined by one or more per-

sons from Lewiston, who visited the Fort for that purpose, and all things were pronounced to be in order; that the walls were closely looked over to see if Morgan had left any writings upon them; after all which, a man, or perhaps two, were requested to traverse the shore of the lake to see if any body should float ashore."

NOTE III.

For the names of the gentlemen, comprising the Lewiston Convention, see *Dedication*.

NOTE V.

SOLOMON SOUTHWICK, of Newport R. I the author's father, who as Editor of the *Newport Mercury*, excited the special vengeance of the Tories, and of General PRESCOTT, commander of the British forces, which landed on Rhode Island in the early stage of the revolutionary war. My father was proclaimed as a rebel and an out-law, and a reward offered for his apprehension. He was the author of an Address to the citizens of Rhode-Island, entitled "JOIN OR DIE," and the motto of which was—REBELLION TO TYRANTS IS OBEDIENCE TO GOD: This address Gordon quotes as having contributed, more than any other publication, to fix the minds of the people of Rhode Island in favour of the revolution. General Prescott seized my father's new and valuable Printing-office, and put it into the hands of a Capt HOWE, of the British army, a gentleman of talent, who soon turned it into a ROYAL instead of a REPUBLICAN battery, and my father's own press and types were used in printing the official document which proclaimed him an out-law. But this proscription did not satisfy the vengeance of Prescott, who was not a mere soldier, but one of the most rancorous of royalists: It was a common thing with him, so warm and violent were his feelings as a Partizan, when he saw two or three citizens in a circle, in the street, to shake his cane or sword over their heads, exclaiming—"disperse you rebels!" In this rancorous spirit he ordered a number of valuable buildings to be torn down, several of which belonged to my father, and the materials consumed as fire-wood at the British barracks. These were not the only sacrifices my father made in behalf of the revolution. He loaned \$20 000 in specie at one time to the government—and he received certificates for it, which he was finally driven to the necessity of selling to speculators, at from two to three shillings in the pound; and my industry and that of my brothers has since been taxed to pay the full amount to these speculators. What an outrage was the funding system upon every principle of moral and political justice. This position, however, though perfectly true, is not so clear to the generality of our countrymen, as it is to those who know, as I do, both the *secret* and the public history of that system: for the intelligent reader is not, I presume, to be told, that there is scarce a statute in existence, which has not its private as well as public history. But to return to the more immediate subject of this note. I cannot conclude without paying a compliment due to Capt. Howe, to whom General Prescott assigned the charge of the *Newport Mercury* Printing-office. After the war he sent back, voluntarily, from Halifax, N. S. with a polite letter to my father, nearly all the Printing materials, which he had carried away, including the press, which was standing in the office of the *Newport Mercury* (the paper is still published) when I visited Newport, in 1813. Whether Capt. Howe be dead or alive, at this time, I know not—but this act is sufficient to endear his memory to all honest men of whatever age or clime.

The venerable Isaiah Thomas, in his History of Printing, has done justice to the memory of my father; for this he has my sincere thanks, and grateful remembrance: For I have ever cherished the injunction of an inspired penman—*My son, thine own friend, and thy father's friend forget not.* I owe more to the memory of my father, than most sons; for his example has ever influenced me in my editorial career—and during thirty-five years that I have been at the editorial desk, I have the proud consolation to reflect, that the man does not exist, nor did he ever exist, who will or would dare to say, that he ever dictated to or influenced me in a line or a sentence that I ever wrote or published.—The press that I have conducted, during that time, has been, in the strongest possible sense of the terms, **FREE AND INDEPENDENT**—and I fearlessly challenge any man, or any party, to deny it. To my conscience, and my God alone, have I ever held myself responsible as an Editor. I have suffered a great deal of persecution, for no other reason, but because I have been, in the very strongest possible sense of the terms, **AN INDEPENDENT EDITOR**—but such sufferings are never to be deplored, or complained of, by an honest man—on the contrary, he ought always to rejoice in them.

NOTE VI.

For what did our fathers encounter those perils and privations?—Was it, that after throwing off the shackles of a foreign tyrant, domestic tyranny should prevail over us? Did they overthrow the supremacy of the British King, that their posterity should be enslaved by the *Grand Kings* of Free Masonry, in their nocturnal conclaves?—Did they bleed and die in the field, to establish a government, founded on the common consent of the people, or on the will and caprice of a **SECRET, SELF CREATED ASSOCIATION**? These are serious questions.

NOTE VII.

It is so long since I went through the contemptible and disgusting mummery, alluded to, that I forget whether the sharp instrument used, is a sword, dagger or chissel, or what is the precise application made of it: it is of no consequence, however, since be the thing itself, or its application what it may, it is equally an instrument of folly, and generally applied by the hand of one fool to the body of another.

NOTE VIII.

If any Persian or other idolatrous **SUN-WORSHIPPER**, should pay us a visit, what would be his pleasure and surprise, in passing through the country, to find his God painted upon so many masonic sign-boards, and suspended from so many "*rum-poles*," as our sign-posts are termed by the bar-room gentry: measuring our intellectual and moral, or religious character, by this apparent respect paid to his **DEITY**, by our *Noodle Manufacturers* and *Julip* retailers, he would congratulate himself that he had been led among a people as wise as those whom he had left at home! And would probably return, if nobody should explain to him the quackery of the *Lambskin Order*, and proclaim to his countrymen, with honest pride, that the **SUN** was worshipped in the western hemisphere; where he had found a country, so *enlightened*, that no man could sell a dram of whiskey, or a mug of ale or cider, without sticking an image of the Persian God upon a pole before his door!—*Oh! Free Masonry!* thou child of Idolatry, thou mother of quackery and imposture, when will our countrymen, who are under thy malign

influence come to their senses, and banish thee for ever ; send thee among the *Kickapoos* or the *Winnebagoes*, to find congenial spirits of heathenism or barbarity ; though it is, indeed, much to be doubted, whether *Kickapoos* or *Winnebagoes*, would think themselves over-much honored by a visit from thy barbarous and dastardly midnight ministers of vengeance, who did for thee the foul jobs of "executing" SMITH, MURDOCK, MITCHENER and MORGAN !

NOTE IX.—Page 28.

There is a song, entitled *The Prophets*, and sometimes *The Feast of the Prophets*, a most wicked and impious piece of ribaldry ; which I should think it disgraceful to quote, even by way of illustration ; and in which the author introduces Moses, Aaron, Noah, Job, David, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, &c,—names which ought never to be mentioned but with reverence—putting into the mouth of each some ribaldry, which no gentleman, who possesses the least regard for religion, decency or good breeding, or the least self-respect, could listen to complacently—and yet I have heard this blasphemous carol poured forth many a time by more than one of the most distinguished members of *Old Masters*, as well as *Old Union Lodge*, in 1795-96—and encored with long and loud shouts of applause by the *Noodles* present.

NOTE IX.—Page 29.

Since I quit the Institution—it was not, however, a formal relinquishment—I have never mingled in any of its meetings but twice, and in both cases accidental. The first was about ten years ago, when I attended the funeral of a gentleman who belonged to the Order, and walked in the procession of the Order by accident, and not by previous design : So in 1826, about two months before the abduction and murder of Morgan, I happened by accident to drop into the courtroom, in our Capitol, where the *Craft* had assembled as such, to march in procession, to hear the oration of Judge DUEK, on the simultaneous deaths, and in honor of the virtues, of those illustrious men, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. When the hint was given, that all who were not masons should retire. I was on the point of retiring myself, when it struck me that I might as well avail myself of the opportunity to get a convenient seat in church—and hence I put on the insignia, and marched with the rest in the procession : but when I got into the street, it is a fact, that I felt ashamed of myself ; so much so, that in passing one house, in particular, where an accomplished and sensible woman, with whom I have the honor to be acquainted, and to count among my friends was looking out at a window, I could hardly look her in the face, so insignificant did I feel, *with the trappings of what I knew to be the worst of noodleism, nonsense, and quackery about me* ; and this I believe, is the only time in my life, when I could not, without a blush, look a sensible woman in the face ! Any grand jury of ladies, sitting as an Inquest upon awkward and ungallant male delinquencies, might safely endorse this a *true bill* !—And I may as well illustrate this fact, by another of a similar nature. A lady, who is a shrewd observer, informs me, that when the *Grand Masonic Procession*, in all the Pageantry of the Order, passed her house, on a certain occasion, connected with the progress of the *Great Canal*, she saw two very distinguished gentlemen, whose countenances exhibited clear indications, that they felt themselves belittled by their situation ; and I do not doubt it, in the least, because they are both men of such talents, as well as real dignity of mind, that they could not have reconciled their feelings,

or their judgment, to such mockery of our plain and simple, but still morally grand and majestic, republican institutions. To be caught in such a silly pageant, therefore, must have made them feel small, and to hang their heads as they walked by the windows of their well-informed and sensible fellow-citizens.

NOTE XI.

I would not be understood as being willing to adopt the doctrine of *constructive treason*, or *constructive contempts*, or any other *constructive* application of law, but such as is warranted by well known and established rules; for I am decidedly opposed to every thing but wisely settled, well defined, and well understood rules of action, in the legal institutions of my country. Whatever masonic Noodles, therefore, may think or say of me, I am the last man who would infringe any of their civil, political, or religious rights. I have expressed myself, as I have done, in the text, merely to convey a strong impression of what I conceive to be the immorality, depravity and illegality of masonic obligations; and how necessary it is, that the laws of the land, either in our primitive constitutions, or legislative statutes, should put a stop to them, by some provision justly applicable to the crime: for no man of common sense, I trust, will deny, after reading this work, that masonic oaths are criminal, in every sense of the term; and that they lead to the commission of the worst of all crimes, has been clearly shown in many cases.

NOTE XII.

The following is the *Masonic*, alias *American PAPAL Bull*, alluded to in the text. I hope Mr. Hollister may prosecute the man who signs it for a libel; as I think it high time the validity of these masonic attacks upon private character were tested by our laws. The subjoined remarks upon this dastardly libel, were made by me, in the *National Observer*, of Nov. 9th.

MASONIC NOTICE.—At a regular communication of Montgomery Lodge, No 13. held at the Lodge Room in Salisbury, Conn. October 2d, A. L. 5827—*Voled unanimously*, that RICHARD HOLLISTER, of Le Roy, N. Y. be expelled from all communication with this Lodge, and cut off from all the rights and privileges of masonry, for *unmasonic conduct*.—By order of the Lodge. MOSES A. LEE, *Sec'y.*

☞ Editors of newspapers, favorable to masonry, are requested to publish the above

REMARKS.—Now, let us inquire, for what has Mr. Hollister, who we assert upon unquestionable authority is one of the best of men, been thus held up to public suspicion, as an abandoned or infamous character?—His crime in the eye of Free Masonry was fourfold—he had joined the church of Christ—he had become convinced of the corruption and depravity of Free Masonry—he had written to his brother in Connecticut, his conviction that Morgan had been murdered in conformity to masonic law—and he had renounced, in a public advertisement, his connexion with the Order; And this was the unmasonic conduct, of which he was guilty

We see, then, that a masonic lodge claims the right of denouncing a member who becomes a christian, or sets his face against a masonic murder. But let me here ask a few questions, and let me entreat every honest man, every patriot, every republican in the United States, to take them home to himself, and reflect upon them seriously; for they are of the very highest importance to his dearest rights and privileges;

If, then, Morgan was not murdered in conformity to Masonic Law, as contra-distinguished from, and opposed to, the supreme constitutional laws of our country, why is it that we have not seen a single notice, or resolution from any Grand Lodge, Royal Arch Chapter, or any other Lodge, like the above notice in the case of Mr. Hollister, denouncing his murderers for unmasonic conduct? Ponder upon this question, fellow-citizens—take it to your fire sides and your pillows, and solve it if you can, to the honor of Free Masonry. Has the Grand Lodge of N. Y. ever passed a resolution setting forth that Burrage Smith and John Whitney, when called as witnesses on the trial of Chesebro and Co. for kidnapping Morgan, refused to answer because they would criminate themselves; and that they had hereby proved their own guilt, and rendered themselves worthy of expulsion for unmasonic conduct?—Has the Grand Lodge, or any other Lodge, of which those men were members, passed any such resolutions in relation to them? Again, since it is a notorious fact, that they have both fled from justice, has the Grand Lodge or any other Lodge, called upon Lodges abroad to beware of them as unworthy brothers, as men whose hands are probably stained with blood? Have any of the other wretches who have fled on account of their participation in Morgan's murder, been denounced by the Grand Lodge or any other Lodge, as Mr. Hollister has been for becoming a Christian and expressing his abhorrence of the murder of Morgan! Where, I ask, is the Grand Lodge, the Royal Arch Chapter, or any other Lodge, which has directly or indirectly, publicly or privately, in any shape or manner whatsoever, denounced, reconeered connexion with, expelled, censured, lectured or disapproved of any one of Morgan's kidnapers or murderers, save the mockery, the farce, already alluded to in this article, of a master-mason's Lodge suspending a connexion which had no existence, with four *Royal Arch Villains*?—Has not Eli Bruce confessed himself guilty by standing mute as a witness? Has not Gov. Clinton dismissed him for it? But has he been expelled for his perjury in swearing as sheriff to support the constitution and laws of his country; and then wilfully violating his oath of office, in conformity to his masonic oath, by aiding to kidnap and carry off Morgan? Where, I ask, will you lay your finger upon any masonic resolution or act of any masonic body whatever, denouncing any of these crimes or criminals? You cannot show one. On the contrary, you know that the Grand Lodge, or Royal Arch Chapter, which sat in Albany last spring, allowed three or four of the blood stained villains to sit and commune with it; And if you do not know it, I do and stand ready to prove it in any court of justice, that either formally or informally by individual subscriptions, *the Grand Lodge, through one of its Treasurers* (if it has more than one) *has provided funds to maintain in the jail of Canandaigua two of the bloody-minded miscreants now confined there on their own plea of guilt, for kidnapping William Morgan!*—*National Observer.*

☞ The above inquiries (says the *Geneva Gazette*) are copied at the request of one who thinks they deserve a serious and candid answer.

NOTE XIII.—Page 48

It is not from egotism, but solely from a wish to be useful to the rising generation, that I here insert the opinion of the late and departed President ADAMS, of the work alluded to in the text. A new and cheap, but neat edition, is about to be published, at one shilling single, or one dollar per dozen. The size will correspond to that of this work:

and both together, I flatter myself, will form one of the best manuals extant, for youth, who without the means of entering and going thro' academies or colleges, must rely, as I have done, upon SELF-EDUCATION, for their knowledge of men and things. The original of the following letter is in the hands of the lady (the able Preceptress of the Troy Female Academy) to whom it was directed:—

MONTICELLO, May 16, 1821.

DEAR MADAM.—I have received Mr. Southwick's Address to the apprentices of Albany, and have read it three times over. After the first reading I said, there is no need of addition, subtraction, correction or alteration: a generation of apprentices educated in Mr Southwick's principles, and formed upon his model, would redeem a nation on the brink of destruction. After the third reading, I found nothing worth criticising; but I wished that in enumerating writers on moral philosophy, he had recommended the sermons, and the preface of those sermons, of Dr Butler, bishop of Bristol, which are the profoundest essays on moral subjects that are to be found in any language: And Dr. BARROW'S Moral Discourses, especially his FIVE SERMONS ON INDUSTRY, which are the GREATEST EFFORTS OF GENIUS THAT EVER WAS DISPLAYED UPON ANY SINGLE HUMAN DUTY AND VIRTUE.

I am madam, with many thanks and great esteem, your obliged friend and humble servant.

JOHN ADAMS.

Mrs. EMMA WILLARD, Troy, N. Y.

NOTE XIII.—Page 52.

The following articles composed the editorial department of *The National Observer*, of Sept. 28, 1827.

As an evidence of the trifling value of a newspaper, in those parts of Europe where they are under government control, we may instance the recent sale of the *Berlin Gazette*, with 11,000 subscribers for 11 000 dolls. In New-York, a daily paper with such a subscription list, and a corresponding advertising patronage, would be worth considerable more than \$100,000, and in London might be sold any day for something like \$350,000. The *Morning Chronicle* was purchased by its present owner, for a little less than \$250,000, and had a circulation of less than 3,000. The annual profit of the *Times*, (which circulates about 6,000) averages between 80 and \$100,000. The secret of this vast difference between Prussia and England, or America, is that the despotic government of the one can suppress every Journal in the kingdom instantaneously and with impunity, whilst under the free governments of the other, editors laugh at ministers, and fear nothing but the laws.—*Noah's Enquirer*.

[What laws, Mr. Noah? *Masonic Laws or Municipa*? The conduct of a vast many editors lately, has shewn that they are much in fear of *Masonic Laws*, but care little about the laws of the land, rather striving than otherwise, to prevent their execution in the case of masonic criminals! If the *Sedition Bill* muzzled the press in '98, the *dark decrees* of Masonry have muzzled it at least a thousand times worse in 1826—'7. The *Sedition bill* had this advantage, that it was an open handed, daylight measure, giving us fairly to understand the length of our "coble-tow"—but the *Masonic screws* are all prepared in the dark, and applied so indiscriminately, that no editor knoweth where to begin, or where to end, in order to avoid them. We found it so difficult, being denounced one day for a simple statement of facts, and the next for a harmless explanation, that we determined, as the only straight forward course to throw off at once all allegiance to the *dark decrees* of mason-

ry, and tell the bold, honest truth, at all hazards; which is, that Morgan was murdered in conformity to the strict letter, and spirit of *Masonic Law*—that no mason who considered his *Masonic Oaths* binding, to their full extent could consistently refuse to aid in murdering him!—This is the truth, as every mason will say, who dares to tell the truth. *Smith* of Vermont, was murdered through the same means; and so was *Murdock*, of Rensselaerville, as we expect to prove, to the satisfaction of all rational men, in due season.]

☞ MYSTERIOUS AND EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

We had not penned the sentence which closes the preceding article, and in which we assert our expectation of being able to prove that Captain *MURDOCK*, of Rensselaerville, was murdered for revealing to his wife the secrets of masonry, more than five minutes, before we received, very unexpectedly, the following letter from his son; we say, very unexpectedly, because for several months we had been enquiring after surviving connexions of Capt. *MURDOCK*, but had discovered none.

This letter, and the copy of our answer, which we subjoin, will speak for themselves. If the facts be true, as we solemnly believe they are, they are rendered more deeply interesting, than otherwise, by facts of a more recent date, and of a similar character. If false, let those who have an interest in showing it, come forward with their statements. We owe it to candor to state here, however, that for ourselves, we shall allow no weight to any evidence, but that which may come from men unshackled by *MASONIC OATHS*, of which we know so well the nature and tendency; unless indeed it shall come under oath, and then we shall have to weigh one oath against the other.

We wait anxiously for the answer of Mr. *Murdock* to our letter. In the mean time we have only done our duty in bringing the matter before the public.

(COPY.)

LE ROY, Sept. 15, 1827.

DEAR SIR—Permit me to call on you for information (although a stranger) which I believe you in possession of, which nearly concerns me. I saw an extract from your paper some time last spring in the Rochester Balance, stating the number that had suffered death by masonic vengeance. You mention one in the county of Albany, in the town of Rensselaerville, by the name of *MURDOCK*, that was murdered some 18 or 20 years ago. The above extract was accompanied with a promise of more on the subject in future. Since that, having had a partial access to your truly useful paper, and of late become a subscriber, I find nothing on the subject till the 7th of the present month, when you barely mention one as having been murdered in your county.

Capt. *ARIEL MURDOCK* of the town and county above mentioned, was the man that I was once proud to call Father. He was a mason. In the month of Oct. 1803, he was found in the woods, with the marks of that infernal obligation upon his body, recorded by the martyr *Morgan*. He was found by Masons **THEY THAT HIDE CAN FIND.**

If my father is the man to whom you allude, and you are in possession of any information on the subject, you will confer on me a great favor by communicating the same to me, and my aged mother who resides with me.

If your knowledge on the subject is such, that at present you are not willing to communicate through the press, please to do it by a pri-

late letter, which shall be gratefully received, and if any further communication, on my part, is required, it shall be promptly attended to.

Yours with respect,

ELIPHALET MURDOCK.

S. Southwick, Esq.

P. S. Forgive all mistakes, and overlook a bad composition, and impute it to the want of an education by being deprived of a father at an early age.

E. M.

(ANSWER.)

ALBANY, Sept. 22, 1827.

DEAR SIR,—I have received your very interesting letter of the 15th inst. Your unfortunate Father was undoubtedly the man to whom I have alluded as having been murdered by Free Masons

I had my information from a person who was well acquainted with Dr. Murdock, your father's brother. The statement, made to me by this person, is as follows:—That the brother of Dr. Murdock (meaning your father) was a worthy, industrious man, not given to liquor, or dissipation of any kind: That on a certain occasion, however, he returned late at night from the lodge (being a free mason) in rather a merry-mood; that in this mood he confided to his wife certain secrets of the lodge: That Mrs. Murdock inadvertently disclosed what he had told her to one or more of her intimate female friends: That they in turn reported it about the village among their associates; and consequently it became generally talked of. A short time afterwards Capt. Murdock was missing, and the people in the vicinity were much alarmed at the event, as he was in good circumstances, and generally respected and esteemed. After he had been missing a few days a profligate man, but a distinguished and active mason, whose name I need not now mention, absconded from Rensselaerville, and carried off with him money belonging to one or two or more free-masons, who nevertheless, made no outcry after him, or any attempt to follow him and recover their money; but said to several persons with apparent indifference—"he has gone with my money, but let him go." A day or two before this profligate absconded, the lifeless body of Capt. Murdock was found in the woods. His throat had been cut from ear to ear; and his body was placed in an upright sitting posture, with his back resting against a tree. In his left hand was grasped a large shoe-knife with which apparently his throat had been cut. Near the tree the ground was thrown up or disturbed, and some bushes stripped and broken or barked, as though there had been on the spot a violent struggle between two or more persons; and a quantity of blood was visible on the surface of the broken ground. The inference from these appearances is, that he was killed on the spot marked by them; and if so how came the body, when found, to be sitting against the tree? The masons, or rather some masons, gave out that he had killed himself in a fit of remorse of conscience for having violated his masonic oaths in telling his wife the secrets of the lodge! This was the masonic story. But my informant, who is a very shrewd observer of men and things, and in whose veracity I have full confidence, assures me, that in the first place, Capt. Murdock was certainly a right-handed man; and hence it is strange, "passing strange," that the knife was found in his left-hand! In the second place, it is not probable that any man who had cut his own throat would be found in a natural sitting posture, with his back resting against a tree; because those who cut their own throats, from the shock imparted to the whole frame by the stroke, start off and run or stagger away till they fall to the ground nearly or quite lifeless. Those who have been seen to cut their throats in a

sitting or standing posture, have run off a few paces, staggered, and fell, struggling convulsively on the ground until they became lifeless! This I presume is invariably the case in such extremities, although being neither physician, nor anatomist, I cannot affirm it scientifically.— In the third place, my informant recollects perfectly conversing with Dr. Murdock, after the captain's body was found; and that the Doctor was deeply impressed with an idea that there had been foul play in the case; or in other words, that the captain, his brother, had been murdered. My informant adds, that the captain never was an insane man or a lunatic.

These, my dear sir, are the facts which I have learned from a person of candor and veracity, and who, at this distant day, can have no possible interest in misrepresenting them. The inferences from these facts are obvious.

Your worthy mother, who, you say, is still living, must, I presume, if you do not yourself, possess a lively recollection of all the circumstances which came to light, connected with the awful fate of your respected, beloved and unfortunate Father; thrice wretched and unfortunate, I fear, in being associated mystically with men, capable from the worst and most puerile of folly and fanaticism, if not diabolical malice, of committing the foulest of crimes.

I request of you to write me, as soon as possible; and I hope you may not neglect to afford me all the light in your power, on a subject so deeply interesting not only to the surviving connexions and friends of your unfortunate and lamented father; but to every friend of law, liberty and humanity in the United States: For if, as I solemnly and firmly believe, your Father owed his untimely exit from life and all its endearments, to the hands of masonic assassins; the fact, in connection with others of a recent date and of a similar atrocious character, is calculated to increase and extend the existing virtuous, and patriotic, and holy excitement against all secret, self created combinations, on the continuance of which may depend the salvation of our civil, religious, and political liberties.

I wish you to answer me, as soon as you can, the following questions:

Did your father shortly before he was missing, reveal to his wife the secrets, or any secrets of the lodge?

If so, did she reveal them to others?

Immediately after these revelations, was there a partial meeting of the lodge called to deliberate on important business? Or was there a meeting called, excluding your father?

Immediately, or rather a day or two, after it was generally known, that he was missing, did any mason or masons abscond from Renaselaerville, and under what circumstances?

Was the body of your father found, or rather pointed out, by masons?

After it was found, did any mason or masons give out, that remorse of conscience for what he had revealed to his wife, had driven him to the desperate deed of killing himself?

Was his body found in a natural sitting posture, with his back resting against a tree?

Were there not such marks on the ground, and on some bush or bushes, near the tree and the dead body, as might have proceeded from a violent struggle between two or more persons? And was there not a quantity of blood on the spot where the ground was marked or disturbed?

Was the knife, with which he had apparently been killed, found grasped in his left hand?

Was he a right or left handed man?

Was the knife which was found in his hand, his own property, or that of a third person?

If the property of a third person, did the person account satisfactorily for its being found in the lifeless hand of your father?

Was he, at the time he was missing, or at any other time, laboring under insanity, lunacy, or remorse of conscience, that you suspected or knew of?

Was he not, the day before he was missing, or at the time he was last seen alive, as cheerful and as rational as at any time of his life?

Though I have taken the liberty of putting these questions to you individually; yet I expect that your answers will contain all that your mother can recollect; as you might at the time alluded to, have been too young to have at this day a perfect recollection of the facts which then came to light, or were suspected, in this melancholy affair?

If your Uncle, Dr. Murdock, be still living, please inform me, as I should like to learn from him the grounds of his suspicion that there had "been foul play," (I use his own words as repeated to me) "in the case of his brother."

I am resolved to exert myself, to the utmost of my power, to develop the truth, not only in this case, but in every other, in which the conduct of the order has been, or supposed to be at war with the rights and liberties of the people. For this task I am prepared to go "through evil or good report," to encounter calumny, persecution, and every ill that the opposite party can inflict. I shall give them no quarter, and I shall ask none. I am prepared at all points. As to the honest individuals that belong to the Order, many of whom entered it young, and have since repented of their folly, though they may not wish to own it, I am the last man who would wish to injure one of them in his feelings or his fame:— But all such, however, owe it to themselves, as well as to their country, to quit the institution, because they must be aware by this time that it is inimical to the public good, having become a wide spread and pernicious source of political intrigue and corruption. They must perceive too, on reflection, that the oaths they have taken are immoral, blasphemous, and unlawful in the sight both of God and man, because they are bound by them to conceal the crimes of their brethren against the laws of God and society: And as the Institution never had in it any thing *intrinsically or inherently* valuable—all its *professed* principles being borrowed or stolen from other sources—sources well known to every classical and well read man—there can be no rational motive to induce any man of sense or learning to continue a member. "MASONIC LODGES," says a learned member of the Glasgow Medical Societies, "are the GENUINE ACADEMIES for TIPPLING." One of our city editors, however, in republishing the essay of the Glasgow Professor, omitted the sentence I have quoted: fearful, I presume, of offending masons: And this circumstance, trivial as it is, shows, independent of a thousand stronger circumstances which have occurred in the Morgan affair, that Free-Masonry cramps the liberty of the press; especially where the press is in the hands of masonic or mercenary editors.

Is it not indeed a very alarming fact, to the real friends of civil liberty, that there are hundreds of editors in the United States, who have never yet informed their readers even of the simple facts that Morgan and Miller were carried off; that Morgan has not been permitted to return; (Miller having the good fortune to escape from his kidnappers;) and that Miller's office was set on fire, and like to have been burned down, involving at the same time the destruction of the whole village of Batavia:—

And that all this was done by masonic conspirators, rioters, and incendiaries: Is it not, I say, a most alarming fact, that we have a secret combination among us, which can exercise such control over hundreds of editors, as to prevent them from announcing facts of so much importance, when during the whole year since these facts transpired, the same editors, who have maintained this mysterious silence respecting them, have not failed to announce every other crime that has been committed in the Union, down even to the robbing of a hen-roost, or the passing of a one-dollar counterfeit bill! Had Morgan been engaged in any other business, but that of writing *Illustrations of Masonry*, and been kidnapped and murdered, would those editors have been silent? No, the world would have rung with their clamors. This shows conclusively the predominating influence of the *secret laws* and the *secret oaths* of free masonry, on the minds of those editors, over the allegiance which they owe to the laws of their country, and over the oaths which some of them at least have taken, as civil officers, to support these laws!

I can indeed easily account for the murder of your father by some myrmidon or myrmidons of the Order, as well as for the concealment of the crime, when I reflect that there are so many, including public officers of every description, who are sworn as masons to *conceal the crimes of their brethren!* And who have bound themselves, by this infamous oath, to keep the secrets of masonry, under the penalty of *having their throats cut from ear to ear, their tongues torn out by the roots, and their bodies buried in the ocean!* For this oath has been taken by every mason in the United States! But the great wonder is, after indiscreetly submitting to it, that a single man, possessed of common sense, and common integrity, should have been found weak enough to be trammelled by it, to think it for a moment binding upon his honor or conscience; seeing that it so grossly and wickedly violates every principle of humanity, and the social compact; that it blasphemously sets at defiance the law of God, as well as the law of the land. And still more wonderful is it, that so many deluded and wicked fanatics should have been found to act fully up to it, in this enlightened country, as must have been engaged in the SEVERAL MURDERS of SMITH of Vermont, of MORGAN, of Batavia, and of your lamented FATHER, at Rensselaerville. That there were about ONE THOUSAND of the original conspirators, in the case of Morgan, is clear from the records of the courts of Ontario and Genesee counties; how many in the other cases it is impossible to conjecture at this late day.—SMITH was the unfortunate man, who first published the book, called *Jachin and Boaz*, in this country. It was published at Manchester, where he then resided. About a week after it came out, Mr. Smith was missing. The masons gave out that he had *absconded*, and as nobody, at that time, excepting masons, knew or suspected the contrary, the whole matter was speedily thought no more of. Now, however, since Morgan's palpable murder, some of the most respectable and intelligent men in Vermont, as I am well informed, are satisfied that he was murdered for having published *Jachin and Boaz*; for they say, that on looking back, and reflecting on the case, there was no reason for his absconding, as he was in good circumstances, and well respected in society! He has never been heard of! Immediately after the publication of *Jachin and Boaz*, there was a communication held between all the lodges throughout the Union, and the words were transposed (to prevent the intrusion of *book masons*, as they are called) from *Jachin and Boaz*, to *Boaz and Jachin!* The same transposition had previously been made in England, where the book originated; and where the author was found, in one of the streets of London,

with his throat cut from ear to ear, in conformity to the horrible penalty to which, by his masonic oaths, he had subjected himself!

I should fear that this communication would harrow up and severely wound your feelings, were it not that Time, the great soother of affliction, has, as I hope, fortified your mind to survey the past, however gloomy the retrospect, without agitation, as well as to look serenely towards the future. We have many a bitter cup to swallow in this life; and it is no doubt wisely ordered by Divine Providence, that it should be so. Heaven tries our virtue in the furnace of affliction; and happy indeed are they who pass through the ordeal triumphantly, with the approbation of their own consciences, and a well founded hope of acceptance at that higher and more perfect tribunal, which penetrates the secrets of all hearts, and with an unerring aim, distinguishes the worker of iniquity from the good and faithful servant.

Please present my compliments and good wishes to your worthy mother, and accept them also for yourself.

S. SOUTHWICK.

Mr. ELIPHALET MURDOCK.

The following Reply of Mr. Murdock to the foregoing letter, with the small editorial article subjoined, is copied from the *National Observer*, of Oct. 19, 1827—since which I have not had time to pursue the correspondence; but shall renew it. In the mean time I can assure the reader, that he need not doubt for a moment, that Capt. MURDOCK fell a victim to masonic vengeance: Of this I have ample proof.

☞ READ THE FOLLOWING, AND MARK IT WELL.

S. Southwick, Esq.

Le Roy, Oct. 5th, 1827.

DEAR SIR,—I received yours of the 22d together with your paper of the 28th, informing me that my father was the man to whom you had reference.

Although this affair is clothed with mystery, as is every other transaction of the mystic tie of a similar nature; yet I believe that the facts connected with this affair are such (when stated before a scrutinizing public) as to afford another strong proof of the dangerous nature and tendency of SECRET ASSOCIATIONS.

It is not my intention at this time actually to prove that my father was murdered by masons, but merely to state facts that are, and were transacted at the time, and leave it to the wisdom of the public to draw their own inferences.

For me to state that he was murdered by masons might involve me in difficulty to those who are ever seeking the liberty and life of the honest poor, when it would favor their nefarious purposes: nevertheless I will not flee from any post where I am sensible duty calls me, though it cost me life and treasure; but before I proceed to the facts above mentioned, perhaps it may not be amiss to state that the month following this unfortunate affair I was seventeen years of age, an age when the memory is strong; and feeling myself at that time cast upon the world without guide or protection, I felt the weight of my loss as sincerely as ever any youth did in similar circumstances; and afterwards reverting back to these scenes of sorrow, it caused them to sink so deep into my mind, that they are as fresh in recollection as though they were but a month past.

My father was a man of sober, steady habits, and punctual in all his engagements, and what might be stiled a strict moralist. He had a competency of this world's goods, with prudence and industry, which he uniformly practised, to supply his family with all the necessaries and comforts of life.

Some months before his death, being defrauded of money of some amount, by one whom before he had looked upon as a *friend and a brother of the masonic tie*; being thus disappointed in the person and in property, it caused a gloominess and depression of spirits to come upon him; although not to that degree, but that he was always rational and sociable, and ever cheerful in his family.

The day previous to his death there were masons at his house in private conversation with him for hours, and did not afterwards render any account of such conversation. In the course of the day he absented himself from the house; whether he went with the masons or not, I do not recollect; he did not return at night, which caused uneasiness in the family as he was not used to be absent at night without the knowledge of the family.

Myself, with my elder brother then living, made some enquiry round the neighborhood, which was somewhat compact, and expressed our fears that something had befallen him; *but being persuaded by a neighbor mason to let the matter rest*, he telling us, that it was likely he had gone home with Mr. *****, a mason; and that he (my father) would feel very disagreeable if he knew that we were looking after him: therefore we returned to bed—it can hardly be said to rest—for it was with fearful forebodings for the safety of one in whose welfare the happiness of the whole family depended.

The morning came; but no fond husband or tender father returned to our little family group; but instead thereof, whilst our eyes were strained towards every avenue by which it was likely he would return, *we saw two masons approaching our dwelling*, who brought the sad, heart rending, soul chilling information, that the fond husband and affectionate father lay a lifeless corpse in the adjoining woods; and to cap the climax of sorrow and wo, we were informed, that he had been his own executioner!

We repaired to the spot, (my pen almost shrinks from its task, whilst my bosom heaves the filial sigh of affection, which twenty-four years has not obliterated) there we found the ghastly, mangled corps of him that we held most dear. He was lying on the ground with his *throat horribly cut—he had several stabs under the left breast*, one of which, it was said by those examined, *was to the heart!*—*a bruise on the forehead*, where the blood had settled, *said by masons that it was done when he fell—the leaves and ground where he lay somewhat disturbed, and covered with blood. He had in his hand a knife*, with which apparently the deed had been done—whether in his right or left hand I am not able to say—but he was a right handed man. The bark was hewed from the tree by which he lay; said by masons that when he stabbed himself the blood spouted on the tree, and he *whittled it off with his knife!*

I stepped very near to view the mangled throat of my father. I was requested by a mason to stand back. We were all soon requested to retire, which we did. The masons then took the whole management of the affair. They pretended to call a jury of inquest, and brought in a verdict of suicide. They proceeded to procure a coffin, and I believe at their own expense. He was laid out in the woods, and borne from thence to the place of interment, and buried about three or four o'clock *the same day*.—The business appeared to be *in haste*; the reasons why, not known to the family!

Having given you the narrative of the affair thus far, I shall proceed to answer your questions not comprised in the foregoing.

My mother asserts that my father never did, neither directly nor indirectly, reveal to her any of the secrets of the Lodge.

About the time of my father's death (I think soon after,) a man absconded from the place that was able to, and actually did, borrow considerable sums of money, and was never after seen in the place; and I know not that any one pursued.

As to his being found by masons, those [masons] who informed us of his fate, said, that he was first found by men that were hunting raccoon; and being asked who these men were? I think their answer was, "that they were strangers, and that they did not know them!"

The knife found in his hand, was a shoe-knife of common length, and sharp pointed; it belonged in a shop some six or a dozen rods from our house; the shop belonging to a third or another person.

One circumstance I will mention, although trivial in itself; yet it will serve to throw some light on what I shall remark before I close. On the day of our sorrow, and before my father's burial, one of those *masonic friends*, knowing that there was a sum of money (a little short of a hundred dollars in specie,) and a good watch in the house, *in a very friendly manner* came and told my mother, that when a man murdered himself his property was confiscated; and he advised that the boys should hide the money and the watch. We were immediately sent for this purpose. On my uncle, the Doctor coming in, and enquiring for us, my mother took the Doctor aside to inform him of our business; this same masonic friend followed immediately, and observed, that it was not the law of this country, but of England.

As to my father being excluded from the Lodge, I know nothing of it.

As to the convocation of the Lodge, on important business, previous to his death, I am not able to say; but his burial took place on Sunday. On Monday following, the Lodge was convened. Soon after this my uncle Jonathan Murdock, of New Lebanon, came to Rensselaerville, and he being a mason, the Lodge was again called.

Dr. Elisha Murdock was living the last I heard from him. He resided in the town of Spencertown, in the east part of this state; the county I do not recollect. He lives about twenty-five miles from Albany. You will please to communicate to him, as you can do it easier than I, and perhaps obtain information direct from him.

I believe I have stated all the most prominent facts relating to this mysterious affair, and answered your questions which are not thrown out by the statements of facts which I have stated; and still the matter is shrouded in mystery.

If he was not murdered by masons, by whom and for what cause was he murdered? It appears to me to be impossible for a man to stab himself to the heart and cut his own throat!

The question may next arise, was he not murdered by an individual assassin. If so, why was he doubly murdered? If he murdered himself, as declared by the above inquest, why were the masons in such haste to get him entombed?—and then not one of them presenting themselves at the place of interment.

The probability in my mind is, almost beyond a doubt, although I would not assert it as a fact, that he was *murdered by masons*. The reasons why I thus believe, I shall state to you, that you may judge whether my belief is well founded. It is necessary in the first place, that I produce a *probable cause why he was murdered by them*.

The man before alluded to, as having defrauded him of his money, was bent on mischief; and having obtained his money, could not rest whilst he lived, any more than Haman could whilst Mordecai sat in the gate.

My mother having obtained the book called JACHIN and BOAZ, and having learned it to a considerable degree of perfection, she was able to talk it correctly, which she frequently did; and there being a difficulty of a serious nature between my father and this brother mason (mentioned in the preceding paragraph) for which reason my father absented himself from the Lodge for some months previous to his death.

Now it is my opinion, *this friendly brother mason* reported my father to the Lodge, *as having revealed the secrets of masonry*; and this formed a pretext to imbue his hands in the heart's blood of an offended brother, the sight of whom he could not bear.

Thus it was, that this man plotted his ruin.

The circumstance of my mother knowing masonry, and his absenting himself from the Lodge, influenced the Lodge to believe that he had communicated the secrets to her; and seconded by this other pretended friendly brother mason, *who advised to hide the money that he might himself obtain it, which was evidently the case*; I believe the Lodge was thus induced to suppose that he revealed those secrets, and dealt with him accordingly! Thus, I believe, my Father fell a victim to masonic vengeance, and that without a cause!

I shall close my communication at this time without further comment, observing, however, that I stand ready to answer any further questions you may propose on the above subject, being determined to do all that is on my power to serve the cause of humanity, in the present situation of our country.

Yours very respectfully,

ELIPHALET MURDOCK.

ADDITIONAL AND IMPORTANT FACT.—Since the above letter was in type, we have received a note from Mr. Murdock, by a gentleman of Le Roy, in which he says—the shirt which his father had on when murdered was a new one of good strong linen, *and was cut across from one side to the other, according to the obligations of a master mason, as given by Morgan!*

We are very happy to learn, what we were before ignorant of, that our correspondent, Mr. Murdock, is a substantial farmer, of the most unquestionable veracity, and unblemished character. We are on the track of still more conclusive information in this case, than any we have yet published.

NOTE XIV.

This blessed masonic year of light, 5781—was indeed a glorious era for the establishment of the first *Grand Lodge* in New-York; for that city was then in possession of the British *Royal Red Coats*—every American Republican, or Patriot, was driven out, excepting those brave and virtuous defenders of their country, who were chained and fettered in the *Old Sugar House*, and the *Old Jersey Prison-ship*—the *Royal Troops* and the *Loyal Tories*, held sovereign sway—so that "*our Order*," it appears, is of genuine, down-right *Tory Stamp!* A *Tory Duke* sent her from London as a gift to his brother *Tories*, of New-York, at a critical period of our revolution—and they, probably, through her means, carried on their intrigues, and conspiracies, against our liberty and independence. Is it not high time that this *Old Tory Nest*, which has done so much *secret*, as well as so much *glaring*, mischief, was broken up by the honest republicans of this state, and of the Union? Let the *Grand Lodge* commence, by sending back its *Tory Charter* to its *Ducal progenitor*, or some one of his lincal descendants.

NOTE XV.

In these deep solitudes, and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-pensive Contemplation dwells.

Pope's Eloisa to Abelard.

NOTE XVI.

In a previous note the reader is possessed of the MASONIC BULL, by which Mr. Richard Hollister, of Le Roy, Genesee county, N. Y. was expelled from Montgomery Lodge, in Salisbury, Connecticut. The following RECANTATION, of Mr. Hollister, is offered here to prove my opinion, stated in the text, of the worthlessness of the higher, as well as the lower, degrees of Masonry.

Messrs. Hatchkin & Starr:—I withdrew from the society of Free Masons some time last spring, but as some doubt my sincerity because I did not give public notice, I desire you to give this an insertion in your paper. I have taken the degree of Royal Arch, and a number of others; in all fourteen, and find Free Masonry as shameful an imposition as was ever practiced upon man, and not only so, but a powerful engine to corrupt society, and destroy the influence of our free civil institutions. I feel it my duty, and that of every honest man, to withdraw his support from the institution.

Le Roy, Aug. 26, 1827.

RICHARD HOLLISTER.

We have (says the *National Observer*, of Oct. 19th, 1827,) copied the above recantation from the Le Roy Gazette, of Aug. 30th. The following letter, which we pledge ourselves is from one of the most respectable men in Connecticut, will serve to illustrate not only the character of Mr. Hollister, but that of the institution which he has withdrawn from.

FURNACE VILLAGE, Ct. Oct. 12, 1827.

To the Editor of the National Observer:—

I observed a few days since in the Times and Hartford Advertiser a masonic notice in the following words; "At a regular communication of Montgomery Lodge, No. 13, held at their Lodge Room in Salisbury, Connecticut, Oct. 2d, A. L. 5827—voted unanimously, that Richard Hollister, of Leroy, N. Y. be expelled from all communication with this Lodge, and cut off from all the rights and privileges of Masonry for unmasonic conduct. By order of the Lodge, signed,

MOSES A. LEE, Sec'y."

Now, Sir, the facts about this case are these. The said Richard Hollister was formerly an inhabitant of said town of Salisbury, and while such became a member of said Lodge, and was I believe, considered by Masons a good and valuable Brother. That he was an upright and worthy young man, all acquainted with his character do concede. More than a year since the said Richard Hollister removed from Salisbury to N. Y. leaving a brother of respectable standing in society, who was not a Mason, behind him. Now this brother a few months since received a letter from the said Richard, stating, that he entertained entirely different views of the institution of Free Masonry, from what he once did. That, in fact, he now looked upon the institution with horror and detestation, and believed it to be corrupt, wicked, and totally inconsistent with the doctrines of the Christian religion. Furthermore, said he, no doubt William Morgan of Batavia has fallen a victim to Masonic vengeance—being put to death by masonic hands, according to masonic law. Having these views of the institu-

tion, and having become a follower of Christ—he accompanied his letter with a formal resignation of his membership in Montgomery Lodge, and requested his brother to hand the same to some of the officers of said Lodge—declaring at the same time that he could never again, without doing violence to his love of country, to his sense of duty, honour and religion, be present at a Masonic meeting. His request was complied with—his resignation handed to an officer of said Lodge, who in a fit of rage declared, that he had exposed himself to the same penalty that Morgan had suffered! Now the Lodge met to act upon this resignation, and conventions were called often and repeatedly for some weeks in succession, and no doubt many wise discussions were had, and many spirited resolves passed—for into said Lodge none but sages and heroes are admitted. Well, at last they came to the determination that they would *expel* the refractory member for unmasonic conduct. And they have done so by a *unanimous* vote. Oh how agreed upon a wise measure! *****

NOTE XVII.

That the reader may judge how true this charge is, I will barely state what is the solemn truth: I shall be fifty-four years of age, on Christmas day of this year; and up to the time of my writing this note, from the day of my birth, I have not, altogether, drank a gallon, at the very utmost, of ardent spirits, either brandy, gin, rum or whiskey. I have been employed in early life in the most laborious employment, both by sea and land, and drank nothing but water: for twelve years past I have drank nothing but water or cider: This is all as true as holy writ; and yet such has been the malevolence, and the persecuting spirit, of my enemies, that on one occasion, when I was a candidate for the office of Senator, against Judge Woodworth, the Judge gained his election by less than 300 majority, in the whole district, composed of nine counties, by means of a hand bill which my enemies sent out, with such precaution, that it reached all the polls, in season, to answer their foul purpose; but too late to give me an opportunity of refuting it; and in which among other things, I was charged with being a DRUNKARD! In one town alone I lost at least 300 votes by that infamous libel; for so infamously false was it, that it did not contain a syllable of truth; and yet it alone defeated my election. Such is the *liberty of the press*, in the hands of such wretches as those who have shrunk from their duty in Morgan's case—and who, from the same mercenary motives—being well paid for it—will at any time print a mean libel in the dark against any man, and by not putting an imprint to their work, conceal themselves as well as the dastardly author. As to the other charge of *INSANITY*, which, to the disgrace of their Editors, has been seriously stated in several prints, (one of which, the Salem Gazette, Mass. bears a respectable character,) I shall give the public a fair opportunity to test it, by the time I get through with "OUR ORDER," if Divine Providence shall spare me to perform the labour, which I contemplate.

NOTE XVIII.

The reader must not suppose that I mean here, any thing like a political church and state connection. I am as much opposed to all such connections as ever: So far from weakening, my religious or theological researches have strengthened, my principles of republicanism and civil liberty. I am more than ever convinced, that Christianity has been perverted and corrupted, in proportion as it has been the

subject of human laws. True Christianity, in its operation on the heart, will ever contribute, indirectly, to the support of good human laws: but human laws never did, never can, contribute to the support of christianity; and for the plain and simple reason, that human laws cannot reach the heart. The Religion of Christ is emphatically **THE ROCK OF AGES**—and though human laws may stand firm upon this rock; yet they cannot, in the slightest degree, sustain or support it: it is self-dependent, eternal, unchangeable, while they are dependent on the fluctuations of human affairs, are altogether temporal, often ephemeral, always fleeting. The true Christian will “render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s;” that is, he will always cheerfully respect and obey the just laws of his country: but Cæsar on the other hand, must let the Christian, as such, alone—and leave him to settle with God and his conscience his spiritual concerns. I am well aware that some, who pretend to great science, will scarcely admit Christianity among the sciences: I am satisfied, however, that it is not only one of the sciences—but deserves to be called, to mark its superiority over them all—**THE DIVINE SCIENCE**. Let us, then, preserve it in its purity, aloof from the corrupted currents of the world, or the aid or influence of human laws, by means of which it might be robbed of its Divinity, become earthly, cold, formal, and lose its influence on the heart; without which, it is to all mankind, as to the Greeks and Jews of old, both “foolishness and a stumbling block.”—It appears to me, that in the order of Divine Providence, this is the country, in which the reign of Christ over the hearts of all mankind, shall commence in earnest; and from hence be extended to the uttermost ends of the earth. What we have already done spontaneously, in India, in the isles of the ocean, and the ancient seat of our Lord’s Divine Mission, labours, miracles, sufferings and death, is a glorious presage of what we shall do; provided, the **WORD** and the **WORK** be left, as they have been thus far, to march forward triumphantly, under the pure guidance and influence of the **HOLY SPIRIT**, which animateth the heart; instead of human laws, legislative enactments, which coerce the body, but reach not the soul.

NOTE XIX

The most of these works may be found in the Albany Library, excepting in particular, the Commentaries of Michaelis, on the Law of Moses; a book, without which, I will venture to say, no Law Library (to say nothing of a theological one) can be complete: for to me it appears, that nothing can be more interesting or useful to a lawyer, than to have it in his power to trace the principles of his profession in all their sources, and through all their mutations, from the earliest traditions or records, down to the American Constitutions; but what I wish particularly to say in this note, is, that as nearly all the books I have gone through, in the course of my investigation, I have been indebted for to the Albany Library, it would be, I think, a most important point gained, in the cause of morality and religion, if the numerous young persons who flock to that Library, could be led to the serious study of these works, instead of such trash as I have often stood by and deeply regretted to hear some of them call for; and I must confess felt frequently a secret satisfaction at their disappointment in not finding them, within the precincts of that valuable institution.

NOTE XX.

This is no fiction; but for the honour of human nature, by far too so-

find a truth. I could at any time substantiate it in a court of justice, by testimony of the highest respectability, but for two reasons. In the first place, I could not do it without bringing two valued friends into a dilemma, in which I do not wish to involve them. I entered voluntarily, from a regard to principle alone, into the editorial war against Morgan's kidnappers and murderers; and on further reflection, upon the same ground of principle, I declared war against the whole Order: I am, therefore, willing to bear the brunt alone, without involving any friend. In the second place, were the feelings and interests of my friends not in the way, I should still be very loth as an American citizen, and more especially as a public sentinel at the editorial desk, to acknowledge, by any act of my own, that I am to be put in bodily fear by any man, or set of men. As an editor I will write and publish fearlessly, nothing but what I seriously believe to be true, and to be my duty to my country and my patrons to publish. If convinced of error, I will honestly and honourably retract, without the least hesitation: but in pursuit of truth and duty, I will perish before I desert either. I am tied to no party, and bound by no prejudice. Reason is my guide, and liberty alone is my object.

NOTE XXI.

How long, and how often, and when and where, the influence of *Free Masonry* has been brought to operate secretly upon our elections, I shall not pretend to say: but I shall here relate a circumstance, which I recollect as vividly as though it had happened within a few days—and yet I am myself surprised, that I never thought of it in any serious or important point of view, till my mind became excited by the outrages at Batavia, Canandaigua and Fort Niagara. When the late worthy DANIEL D. TOMPKINS was first nominated for the office of Governor, I was standing, in the Legislative caucus, by the side of Elisha Jenkins, Esq. then Comptroller or Secretary of State. Mr. Tompkins was scarcely known as a politician—he had not then distinguished himself in public life. I well recollect struggling in all the conflicts of the republican party at least ten years before he was known at all in the ranks. I turned to Mr. JENKINS, and said, how will our candidate run? Is he sufficiently known? Who will support him? “I shall support him, for one, said Mr. Jenkins—and the less known he is, the better will he run; for our opponents can say nothing against him.” I thought this a sensible remark; but still I felt alarmed for the success of our candidate, on account of his not being generally known, as I supposed. I turned away from Mr. Jenkins, and the first person I came in contact with was the venerable Judge Peck, of Otsego, now no more, but then one of the main props of our party. I put to him the same questions that I had done to Mr. Jenkins. His reply was, “it will go well—I understand the Free Masons will turn out to support

him—he was up in our county among them, as Grand Visitor from the Grand Lodge.” On referring to the list of officers of the Grand Lodge, I find, that Mr. Tompkins was chosen Grand Secretary in 1802—his nomination was, I believe, in 1807. God forbid, that I should disturb the ashes of the dead, and particularly those of Governor Tompkins; for although we had some serious differences, they were sincerely and amicably settled several years before he died; and I can cheerfully bear testimony to the goodness of his heart: but still, if his election was in the first place the result of masonic influence, it proves the early existence of that influence, in a political point of view. It is no answer to this, to say that Governor Tompkins was, indeed, all that is amiable and exalted, in humanity and benevolence of heart; or that he was one of the best of Chief Magistrates: all this I cheerfully admit: but suppose, on the contrary, he had been a Nero, or a Caligula, should we have thanked the Free Masons for their secret management in bringing him up? I now sincerely believe, that he made his debut on the political stage, through their influence; although at the time the assertion of Judge Peck made but a momentary impression on my mind: but now, when I look back, and reflect upon this anecdote, as well as many other events in our state politics, which appeared to me at the time inexplicable, I can easily account for them; I find no difficulty in tracing their origin to the dark and secret retreats of Free Masonry; and the more especially, considering that this secret masonic influence has, since the early day when Governor Tompkins entered the list as a politician, been steadily growing in every town and county, till it has become a GIGANTIC MONSTER.—By how many persons, and how often, since the excitement of Morgan’s account has existed, have *Free Masons*, in every part of the state, been heard to boast that they (meaning their *Order*) held all the important offices, and would continue to hold them, in spite of all opposition? I have myself heard this boast on more than one occasion.

Again—when I recollect the entry of Governor TOMPKINS into this city, after his first election, I am the more fortified in the opinion that there was an under-current, an artificial excitement in his case: for as I said before, he was a young man, and although he had received the appointment of Judge of the Supreme Court; yet he had not officiated at the circuits any where north and west of Albany; his entry, into this city, was on returning from the first circuit court he had ever held in any of the western counties. A great multitude however, turned out to meet him, at different stages of his

journey ; and especially between this city and Schenectady, the road, for miles, was crowded with footmen, horsemen, and carriages of every description, well filled. Neither George Clinton nor John Jay, with all their age, wisdom, and well-earned revolutionary laurels, had ever received more homage, than did the young *Governor Elect*, on this occasion. Mr. Jay, I believe, never received any such homage, excepting on one occasion, which I witnessed in New-York, in 1791, or '92. I do not know of any occasion, when one of the wisest men we ever had at the helm—either in the state or federal government—I mean George Clinton—was ever honoured by such pageantry ! Without, therefore, detracting in the smallest degree from the merits of Governor Tompkins, I am now perfectly satisfied that it was the secret, unseen, influence of the *Craft*, that produced this extraordinary excitement in his favour at that early stage of his political career : I may be in an error ; but this is my honest conviction.

NOTE IV.—Page 17.

The following PROSPECTUS of the NATIONAL OBSERVER, was issued agreeably to its date, and has been circulated as widely as circumstances would permit. It is inserted here, with the renewed assurance, that the OBSERVER will continue to be conducted, with zeal and inflexibility, on the principles therein stated. The editor can assure the reader, that he has on hand, and will steadily accumulate, important matter, on the subject of the dangerous tendency of Free Masonry, sufficient to give his columns an interesting aspect, for a long time to come : he is determined never to relax, so long as Divine Providence shall spare him for the duty, in his exertions to convince his fellow-countrymen, that the purity and stability of their free constitutions, depend upon the extinction of Free Masonry, as well as all other secret combinations.—He means to republish regularly, at least once in every six months, the whole of the Report of the Western Committees, in the case of Morgan ; so that the truth of that case may be known, in proportion as the circulation of the Observer shall be increased and extended.

Whoever sends \$3 in advance, free of postage, shall be entitled to the Observer one year ; and shall also have a copy of the Solemn Warning sent by mail, or otherwise, as ordered ; and any party (not less than six) sending each \$2.50 cents in advance, shall individually have the same return.

THE NATIONAL OBSERVER.

The Editor and Publisher of the National Observer, are frequently called upon from various parts of the country, for information respecting the abduction of Capt. WILLIAM MORGAN, and other Masonic outrages, committed in the Western District of the State of New-York, in the month of September, 1826.—To such inquirers the Observer is sent; but the undersigned have been informed, from sources on which they can place reliance, that there are numbers who would be glad to take the Observer, but know not where to apply for it. The undersigned, therefore, beg leave to call the attention of their fellow-citizens, throughout the Union, to the following Address :

TO THE CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES.

FELLOW CITIZENS,

The National Observer is published once a week in the city of Albany. It is in its politics republican in the true sense of the word, and devoted, with moderation but firmness, to the present National Administration. Its columns, however, are open to correspondents of all parties, who may think proper to forward their essays for publication, which will always find admittance, if they do not contain offensive personal or libellous matter.

On the subject of those nefarious outrages, committed in September last, in the western district of this state, on the person and property of unoffending citizens, and which have so deeply interested, and still continue so deeply to interest the feelings of all honest men; the Observer has uniformly taken decided ground against the Conspirators, and their open and secret aiders and abettors, who planned and carried into effect those daring attacks upon the rights of life, liberty and property. For taking this ground, which no honest and independent Editor could consistently or honourably refuse to take, the OBSERVER has been proscribed in every direction by masonic zealots, of whom it might well be exclaimed, as of old—“*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!*” Numerous subscriptions have been withdrawn—advertising patronage has been cut off—job-work, to no small amount, diverted, by direct or indirect management, from the Printer—and in short, every artifice, worthy of a dark, corrupt and rotten cause, has been resorted to for the purpose of destroying every source of its prosperity.

Under such a pressure of circumstances, the Editor and Publisher, confiding in the spirit of liberty and justice, which animates the people, have resolved—

Firstly, That they will at all hazards PERSIST in the course they have adopted in relation to the kidnappers and murderers of Morgan, and their aiders and abettors, until they shall be ferretted out, if possible, and the supremacy of the law, over private combinations, be effectually sustained.

Secondly, That being perfectly convinced, from the facts.

that have come out in this case—as well as from the conduct of the masonic fraternity towards the National Observer—that **FREE MASONRY** and **CIVIL LIBERTY**, especially the liberty of the Press, cannot exist together—the Editor will, in future, devote no small portion of his editorial labors to a steady warfare with the *Masonic Order*—not with the *Individuals*, but with the *Order*—as a dangerous *Order*—an *Order* imported from monarchial Europe, and inconsistent, in its secret organization, its *Aristocratic* and *Royal* forms and appendages, with the republican constitutions, laws, habits, and manners, of a country, apparently, and we hope really, designed by the Creator as the conservator of human liberty, happiness, and prosperity. In this determination, independent of those recent events, which ought to open the eyes of all independent freemen, he is fortified by the warning voice of Washington against all self-created, *secret* associations.—He, therefore, respectfully invites the aid of correspondents, who are able and willing to assist him in this warfare of liberty and law, against oppression and outrage; of light against darkness; of fair, open and undisguised policy, against foul, secret, and nocturnal intrigue and conspiracy.

He invites especially, the communication of all facts, tending to show that the Batavia and Canandaigua outrages have been approved by the Order; to this point, the declarations of members of the Order, made at various times and places, he wishes to have correctly reported, and by respectable authority.

The communication likewise, of all facts that are calculated to throw the least light upon the awful fate of the unhappy victim of masonic vengeance, who has paid the forfeit of his life—to the violated laws of *New-York*?—NO—of the United States?—NO—of God?—NO—but of the *ancient* and *honourable* fraternity of *Free and Accepted Masons*!—the *Grand High Priests*—the **KNIGHTS TEMPLARS**—the **PRINCES OF JERUSALEM**—and the **GRAND KINGS**—whose privileges, and titles, and claims to the exercise of sovereignty, within the jurisdiction of *New-York*, and of the United States, have been imported from the ranks of the crusaders, and the dark caverns of the druids, of the old world! This is the *imperium in imperio*—the government within a government—whose **GRAND CONGRESS** was held at the town of Stafford, in the county of Genesee, on the 8th of September last, to devise means for enforcing and executing its bloody penal code in the case of *William Morgan*! And these measures were but too successfully planned, and too faithfully executed, for the rights of humanity, and the liber-

ties of the people of the state of New-York, and of the United States.

Fellow-Citizens—You have in these remarks a clear view of the principles, by which THE NATIONAL OBSERVER has been and will continue to be guided. You are all equally interested with us, in sustaining the constitution and laws of your country, against the machinations of all self-created, secret societies. If ONE private society can establish and execute laws, affecting the lives and liberties of the people, another and another may do the same thing; and the General and State governments be thus finally and effectually set at defiance, if not merged in the vortices of private, secret and self-created associations. *Are you prepared for this?* If not, encourage us in the stand we have taken, and animate other Editors, who are honest and independent, to pursue the same course. That the Press should every where take this stand is indispensable to the preservation of your dearest rights: if ever your government shall be overthrown, the mantle of darkness will in the first place envelope the conspirators, and defend them from your grasp, till they have secured themselves from it, by effecting the destruction of your liberties. *All associations, therefore, which are not carried on in open day-light, and whose principles and practices are not fair and fully made known to the public, are of dangerous tendency, and sedulously to be guarded against by a free and independent people.*

It is for you, fellow-citizens, to determine, whether the Editor of THE OBSERVER shall, or shall not be, supported in the STAND he has deliberately and conscientiously assumed. Standing, as he does, on the verge of eternity, to him individually it is of little consequence; but to all those in the meridian of life, and to our rising progeny, it is a momentous object, and one which seriously demands their undivided attention, to preserve unimpaired the boon of liberty, which Heaven bestowed upon our fathers; and which they bequeathed to us, in full confidence that we would never prove ungrateful to the ORIGINAL and DIVINE DONOR, or disgrace their memories by a tame surrender of the high privilege at the foot-stool of tyranny or usurpation.

S. SOUTHWICK, *Editor.*

G. GALPIN, *Publisher.*

Albany, (N. Y.) July 20. 1827.

TERMS—Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance for all solitary subscriptions; but societies not less than six in number, will be charged two dollars and fifty cents, provided one of the number becomes responsible for all.

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